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Vol. 21 No. 8

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Vol. 21 No. 8

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Opel's GT gems, page 62.

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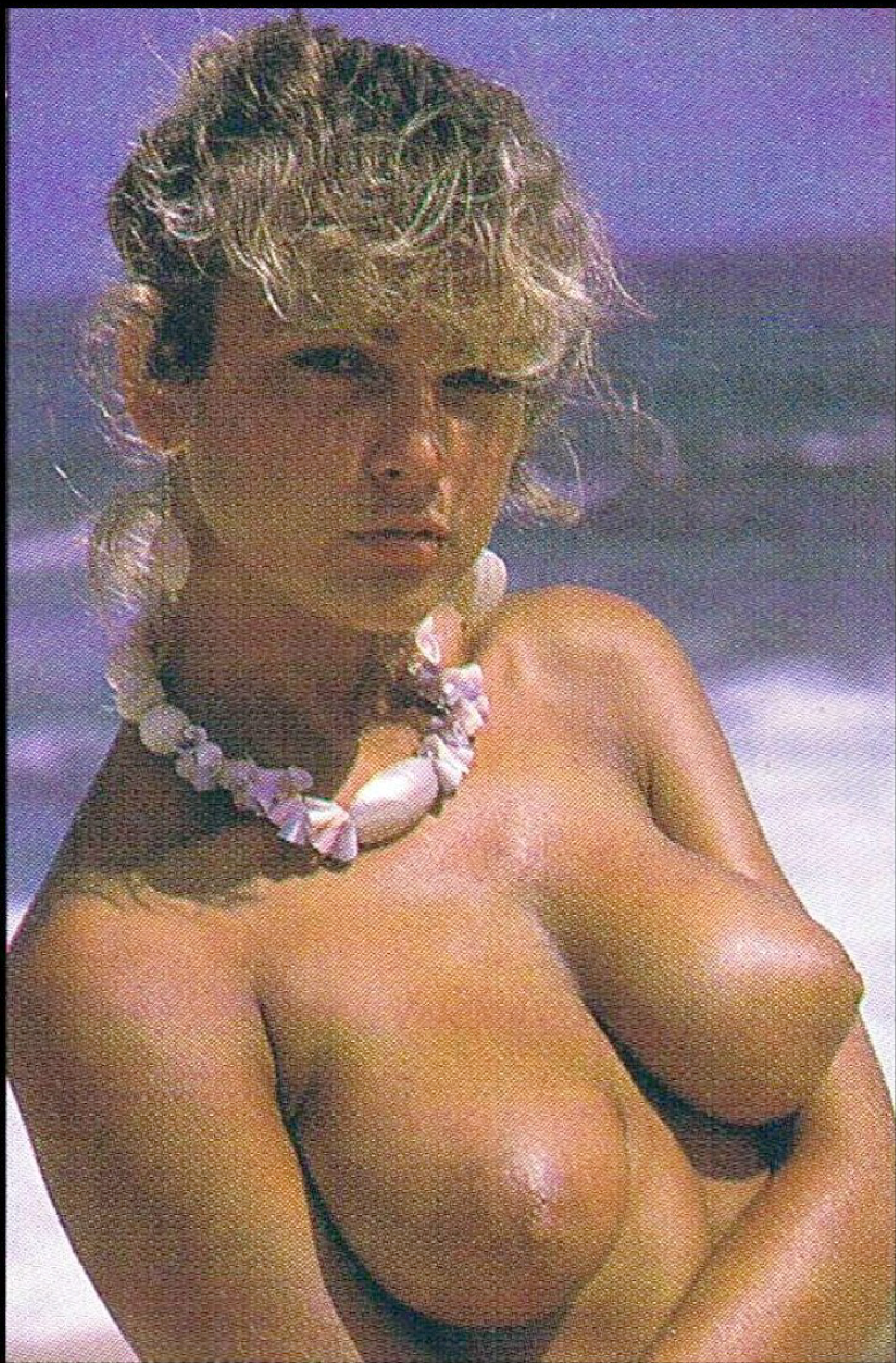
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LETTERS

Full marks for your photos of Austrian beauty Evelyn Rillé (Vol 21 No 3), surely one of the most gorgeous girls ever to have displayed themselves within your pages. Who could have failed to be aroused, on glimpsing the top shelves of the nation's newsagents, by that superb front cover photo of her gleefully taking down her knickers for us, showing all the delight of a good girl doing as she is told. Then there is the contrast with the sultry shots of Evelyn inside, her body looking equally good clad in her lingerie or completely revealed. Keep importing these European delicacies. For future delights, could you feature more actresses who have played strippers on television. I was put in mind of this by two recent programmes. The first was a *Minder* repeat in which a tasty redhead takes advantage of a pub's amateur strip night to put on a

dazzling act, earning warm appreciation from a rowdy audience which had been subjecting her to a constant barrage of catcalls. The horny way in which she peeled off down to nothing but a silver G-string only whetted my appetite.

Even more daring was an hilarious scene in a recent episode of *Auf Wiedersehen Pet* in which Oz pours out his troubles to two mates in the pub, only to find they are totally mesmerised by the stripper cavorting behind his back. In this case a slim leggy piece puts on a routine which begins by her rolling down the top of a tight black camisole to reveal lovely pert breasts. Then she sits down on a chair, and treats us to an amazing explicit display of spreading her legs directly in front of camera while slowly removing her black tights and high heels.

Judging by the provocative content of her act, it was probably as great

a disappointment to her as it certainly was for male viewers that she was unable to complete her routine and show us all.

By contrast, it is obvious that sexual humour on television can be more verbally explicit than visual. I remember a short sketch on an old Benny Hill show based on the film *Soldier Blue* and an even older joke. 'Help, help,' gasps the pretty young blonde, dishevelled and tied to a stake, 'I've just been raped by a party of marauding Apache!'

'Well, Miss,' drools the cavalry officer, starting to undo his trousers, 'I guess today just ain't your lucky day...' But one can't imagine seeing this actually acted out on the box, more's the pity.

G Winter, London EC1

I very much enjoyed the article on practical jokes and hoaxes in Vol 21 No 6, and whole-heartedly agree with their use of deflating



pompous or painful people. I have no doubt that your readers would welcome another example. The plot which I have to relate combines the best aspects of a successful practical joke — humour, mystery, bewilderment and, best of all, no harm, except for a red face, for anybody concerned.

Gordon and I work with a very cosmopolitan bunch on an oilrig in the Far East. We travel out to do a four week tour of duty by air from Heathrow. Now one of Gordon's neighbours tends to have a moan about the weather and life in general. He also has gnomes in his garden.

Gordon and a friend decided that he needed to have his life livened up a little. So the night before Gordon left to come out East, he and his friend removed the biggest and best gnome from the unsuspecting victim's front garden.

The next day the victim was complaining to anyone who would listen about how one of his gnomes had vanished, and wasn't it awful. Imagine his surprise when on the following day a postcard turned up with a picture of Heathrow on it. It read, 'Sorry I didn't say anything before, but I have decided I need a holiday. I'll keep in touch. The Gnome.' Four days later another card turned up with a picture of a Chinese junk on it. 'Having a wonderful time, people much more my size.' The poor victim didn't know what to make of it, but his kids thought it was marvellous — they took to running out to see if the postman had another card for them each morning.

At this stage, Gordon thought he ought to put up a bit of a smoke-screen. His own child goes to the same school as those of his victim, and he thought they might put two and two together. Nothing daunted, he arranged for Tom, an oil man from the States, to post off cards from Hawaii, San Francisco and Columbus, Ohio the following week, when Tom went home.

The week after that, Mike was sent

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LETTERS

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off home to Brisbane, and sent a card off from there. Singapore, Bombay and Bangkok followed as other people left the rig. By this time the whole village knew about the victim's globe-trotting gnome, and all were agog to see where the next card would pop up from. Gordon posted a final card himself from Heathrow, and went home. While he had been away his mate had not been idle. That night the gnome was returned to the front lawn, complete with sunglasses, a little suitcase, and a suntan! There is only one thing I regret about all this — I wish I'd thought of it!

Dick, Chard, Somerset

*Where e'er you wander,
There's no place like gnome!*

Edwyn Gray's article on nuclear sub disasters in Vol 21 No 7 was generally well up to standard. However, Mr Gray made a glaring error of fact when he speculated that, in his words 'the impossible' — a nuclear explosion, might have destroyed the *USS Thresher*.

As any student of physics will tell you, for a nuclear explosion to occur there has to be sufficient mass of fissile material to create an explosive reaction, the 'critical mass' below which no such reaction can occur.

No nuclear reactor, whether it be in a submarine or a power station, contains a critical mass of fissile material — if it did it would detonate the first time it was fired up. This has nothing to do with luck or good design — there simply isn't enough uranium or plutonium in the core to explode.

As Edwyn Gray pointed out, what could have happened, and nearly did at Chernobyl, is a meltdown of the *Thresher's* reactor — a cooling system failure causing the core to overheat, burn its way through the bottom of the reactor compartment, and the effect of any super-hot material hitting chilled high-pressure sea-water would be more than enough to blow a sub apart.

S Smith, Chard

We don't pretend to be atomic scientists, we just produce the country's most explosive men's magazine!

I was most amused by your article on buying your first packet of three in Vol 21 No 5. How I recognised my own anguish in the story. Firstly locating a suitably quiet-looking pharmacy, then walking

round the block four times before entering, only to see a young girl assistant behind the counter. Sharp exit!

I looked for another chemists and found one with an older lady behind the counter. Casually I walked up with my heart in my mouth. 'Er, can I have a packet of plasters, please.' I never knew I had such a squeaky voice. Failed at the last hurdle.

I was getting desperate by now, and looking for yet another shop. Oh good, an old man behind the counter. I walked in boldly. 'A packet of Johnnies please.'

'Oh aye, and what you be wanting them for, son?' The old man fixed me with an accusing stare.

Going several shades of red by now, I stammered, 'Er, well, they're for my dad actually... he's just waiting outside...'

I made one last despairing attempt, and went to a barber's shop. I'd seen them in the window. But by then it was nearly half past five, and the barber was sweeping up the floor. In the end I said sod it, and went home.

The odd thing about the situation was that there was no chance of a gawky 22-year-old having it off anyway. I just wanted them to wank with!

(Name and address withheld)

One of the guys in our office swears the first time he tried using a contraceptive he spent forty painful minutes trying to pull it over his testicles as well.

My husband and I moved to Wales a few months ago. My husband still works in London, and only comes home at weekends so I spend a lot of time on my own. We keep a few sheep, a goat, plus the usual chickens and ducks.

Recently I received a phone call to say the man was coming to shear our sheep on the following day. At five o'clock the following afternoon a tall dark boy drove into the yard in an old van. He was about 20 years old and handsome.

The sheep were penned up, and he soon started to shear our ewes. I stood by as he skillfully peeled the wool from the backs of the sheep, and soon their coats were neatly rolled up, and the sheep looked very white and naked. I looked at the young man as he continued with his job. He was tall and suntanned, and his strong arms lifted the sheep with ease. He wore a black T-shirt and a pair of old jeans which would have been discarded by a tramp.

Then as he was shearing our ram he got one of the horns caught in a hole in the leg of his jeans, and as the ram struggled his jeans ripped from knee to crotch. I got a good view of his red pants which seemed to be well-filled. When he had finished I asked him into the cottage to wash and collect his pay. I offered to mend his jeans, but he said he had another pair in the van. It was then that I decided to make a play for him. He was coming back up the yard to the cottage so I slipped off my jeans and shirt, and grabbed a skirt. I stood with my back to the door wearing my black lace panties and bra with my skirt

You are invited to add to the controversy and anecdote of Mayfair. Letters must bear the full name and address of the writer, but if requested this will be reduced to initials and town of origin. All letters will be acknowledged, in a plain envelope, to the address given. Unsigned letters will be discarded.

Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ.

round my ankles ready to pull up just after I heard him enter the room. The door latch clicked, and I started to pull up my skirt, getting it stuck under my bum for a second or two as I wriggled into it.

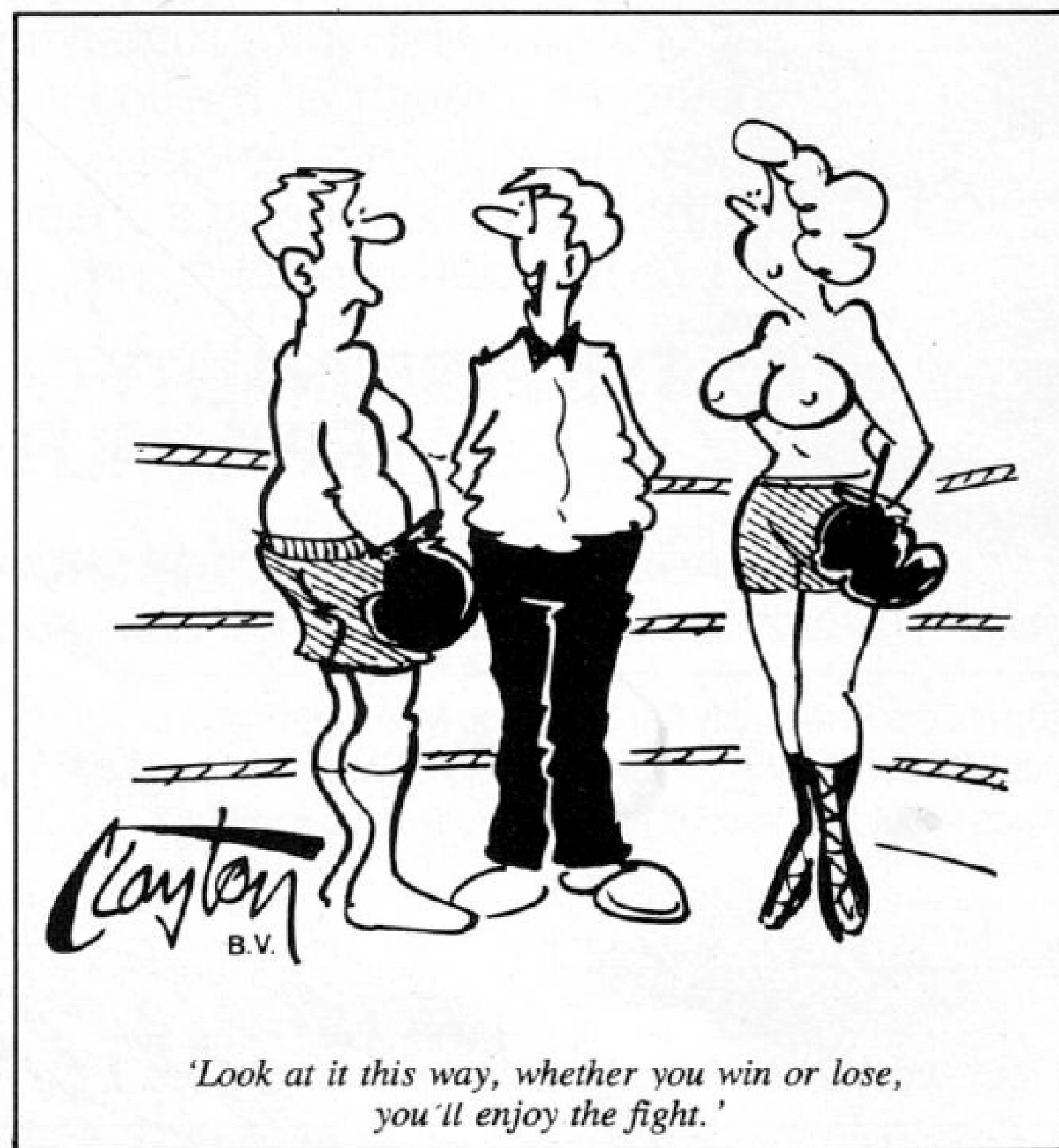
Then I turned round with a look of mock shock on my face. My breasts were bursting over my bra, and I could feel my nipples standing out and pressing against the material. He just stood and looked at me, so I said, 'I'll leave you to change your jeans.' And I went past him into the hall. I looked back through the open door as he dropped his trousers and started to step into the other pair. He had his back to me and was standing on one leg putting on his jeans when I nipped in behind him, and put my hand between his legs.

He jumped as I took a handful of his tackle. I let go, and turned him round, pulling down his pants. The sight that met my eyes made my legs go weak. His cock hung down like a big brown sausage, and as I looked it started to grow and grow and grow. I had always thought my husband had a decent cock, but this was something else. It had now stopped growing, and I could see his balls which were impressive as his cock. I reached out and took hold of his shaft, easing back the foreskin.

I got down onto my knees, and kissed his massive knob. I tried to suck it but it was just too big. So I ran my tongue over its great head and along its length. I felt him undo my bra, and as my tits fell free from their restraint he took them in both hands, and lifted me off him. As I stood in front of him he slipped one hand down the front of my panties, and pushed a finger into my wet fanny.

I had one hand round his shaft, and the other one was playing with his balls when he reached behind me with his free hand, and ripped my panties off. Then he took his finger out of me, and put both hands under my bum, lifting me off the floor, and lowering me down onto his cock. I guided the head into me,

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LETTERS

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and he gently eased in further. I thought it would never stop going in, but at last it was all in, and we slipped to the floor. He pushed in and out of me like a piston, and in a very short time he had climaxed inside me and rolled onto his back. I had not finished with him yet, and as I ran my fingers up and down the length of his cock I had an idea. I got up and went over to my sewing basket, and took out my tape measure, and found a pencil and paper. Then I went back to him and sat on his chest, putting the tape round him.

I leaned forward and started to kiss his cock back to life. I got the tip of his knob into my mouth, and nearly bit it off when his tongue slipped into me. He was licking me, and I was licking his cock which was now as erect as before. I stopped working on his cock and reached for the tape. My eyes didn't believe what my fanny told me was true as I ran out the tape to a staggering ten and a half inches. My fanny was longing for some more, so I took him by the cock, and led him to the bedroom. We screwed all night. I don't know if

he was fit to shear sheep the next day, but was still sore from the pounding I had received when my husband came on the Friday. I still have his measurements, and most nights I take my tape measure to bed and play with myself while I pull out the tape to ten and a half inches, and I remember the feeling of his massive tool.

Mrs S J, Dyfed, Wales

We've heard of being hung for a sheep...

As a female I thought I would tell you about a recent experience of mine. Some weeks ago I was clearing out the bedroom when I discovered a stack of magazines I did not know my husband had. They were men's magazines, including *Mayfair*. I was disgusted at first — I had a strict up-bringing — but I couldn't resist looking at them. They turned me on, and in fact I was soon very hot.

Having looked through them I decided to give Paul (name changed) my husband a surprise. I went out and bought a set of black briefs, bra, stockings and suspender belt. At home I put them

on, and waited for Paul to come in. I had also put on a dress over the top of the underwear. He wasn't too long, but he was obviously surprised that I hadn't got his dinner ready. He asked me where it was and I told him it was upstairs. He looked at me, and I went up into the bedroom with him following.

I watched his face as I slipped off my dress, and his eyes almost popped out of their sockets. He quickly undressed and came for me, grabbing for my tits. By this time I was like a bitch in heat, and Paul's cock was rock hard.

He released my bra, and pushed me back onto the bed, and started sucking my nipples. At the same time I grabbed his cock, and started wanking it gently. He pulled off my briefs and I knew he wanted to take me. But I had another surprise for him. Inspired by the pictures and letters in *Mayfair* I turned over, leaning on my arms so he could still play with my tits. Then I rested my head on my arms and knelt with my bottom up, spreading my legs wide. Looking back, his face was a picture of lust. To relieve his doubts, I reached back for his cock. I'd never used such language before, but I was so hot that I said things like, 'Take me like this.

As a regular *Mayfair* reader, I would like to put forward a case for the sexy appeal of tights. While I like looking at photos of girls in stockings and suspenders, I also think that tights are erotic and sexy.

I hope that in a future *Mayfair* you can feature a photo of one of your girls in a series of up the skirt poses wearing sheer black or white tights. Perhaps you could even feature Tracy Neve like that. Your recent set of her was fantastic, lets have more of her.
P K, London E1

Fuck me. Give my cunt what it needs.'

He knelt behind me, and plunged into me, reaching forward for my tits. He then gave me the hardest fuck I've ever had. Later on, again inspired by *Mayfair*, I sucked him off which he loved.

Since that day I've been taken in so many different ways that I can't remember them all. One of the best times was in the shower.

Mrs S D, Ipswich

We've always said that Mayfair can be enjoyed by women as well as men, and in fact we have thousands of female readers.

CAZ

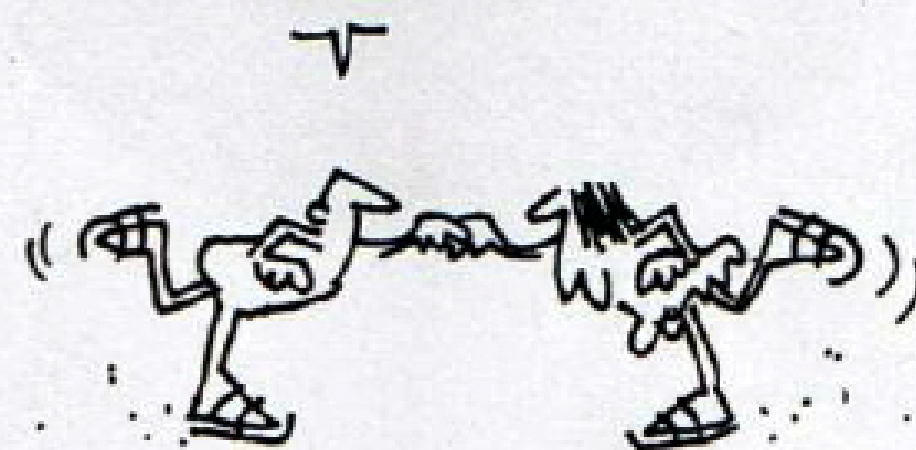
I KNOW WE'RE WORLD CHAMPIONS DARLING....



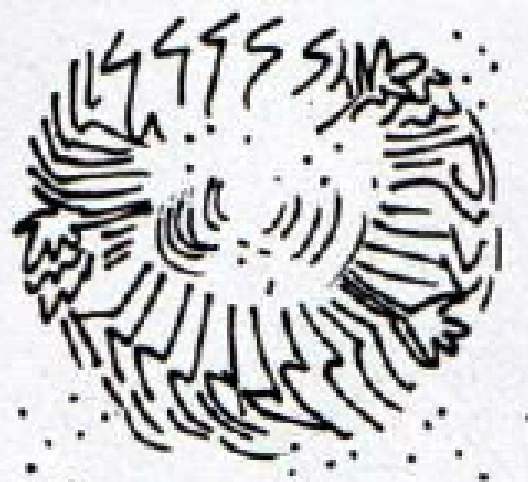
BUT I'M AFRAID I'M LEAVING YOU.



I'M TEAMING UP WITH INGRID, THE SILVER MEDALIST.



OH REALLY?



SHE'LL FIND I'M A HARD ACT TO FOLLOW.

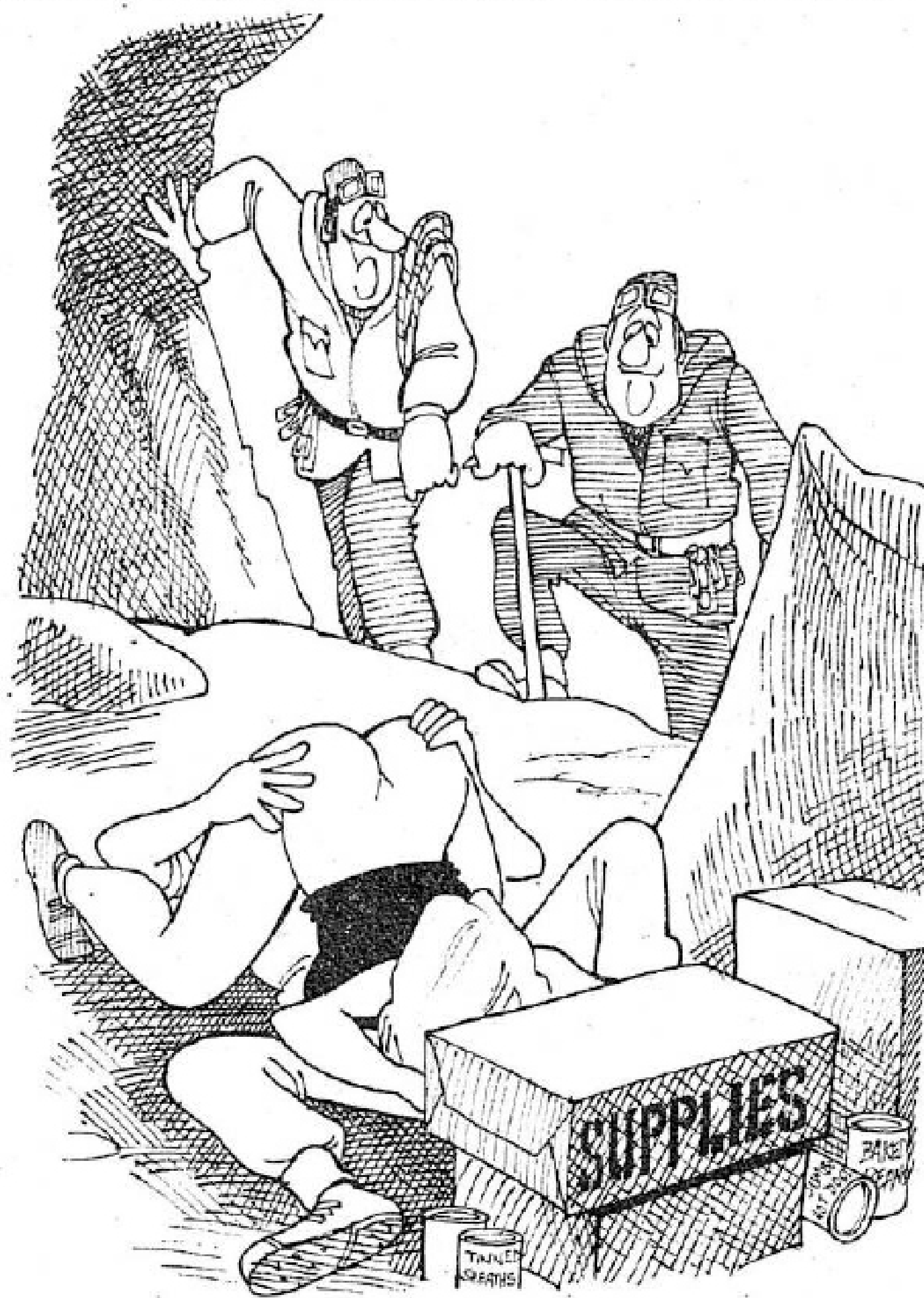




'The first thing we have to do is plan our route up.'

Coming round the mountain

What do mountaineers get up to?
And once there is it down hill all the way?
Cartoonist Anthony finds some at their peak



'Ah! This must be the base camp.'



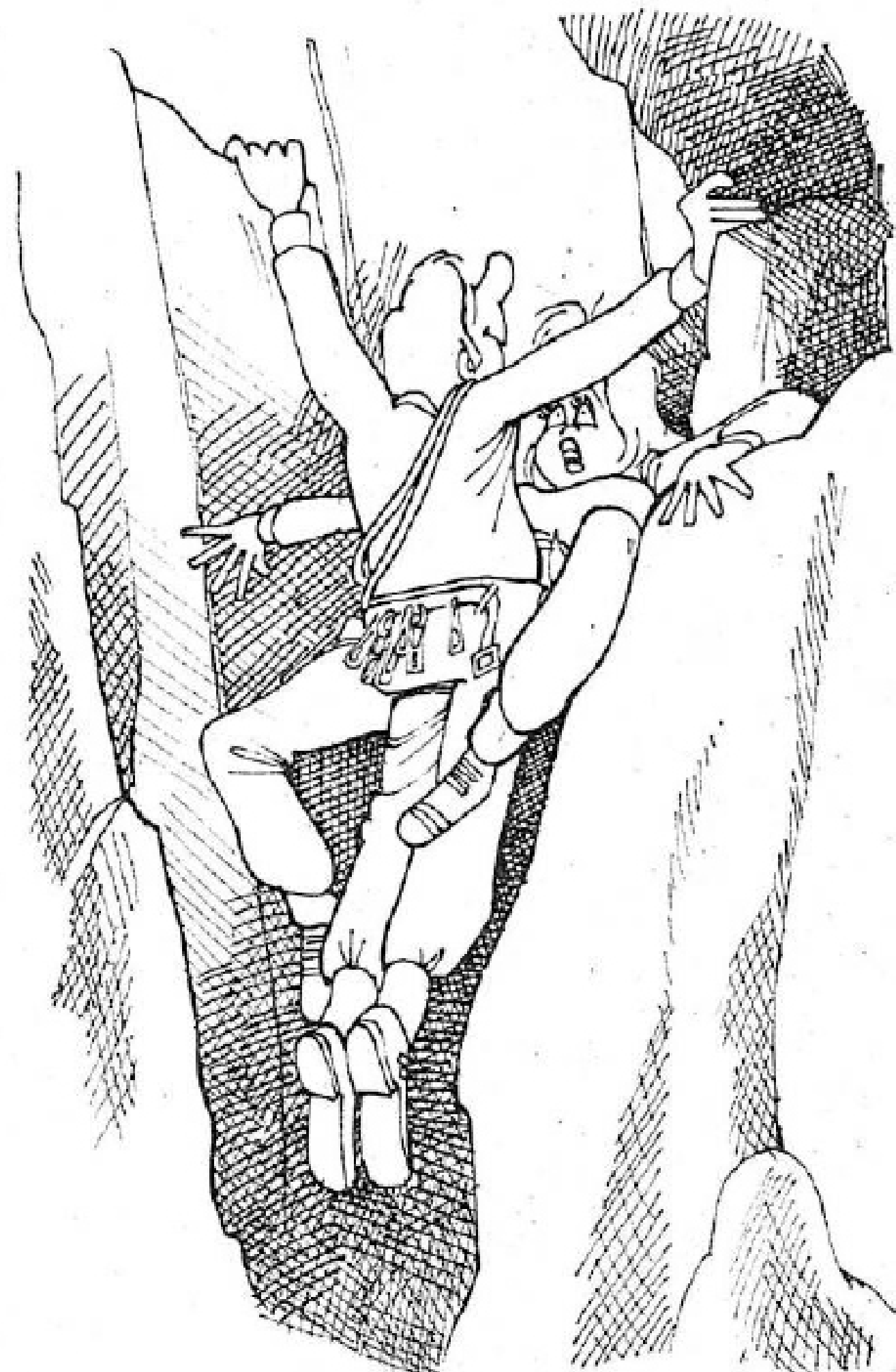
'What was that you were saying about this being one of the more difficult cracks to get up!'



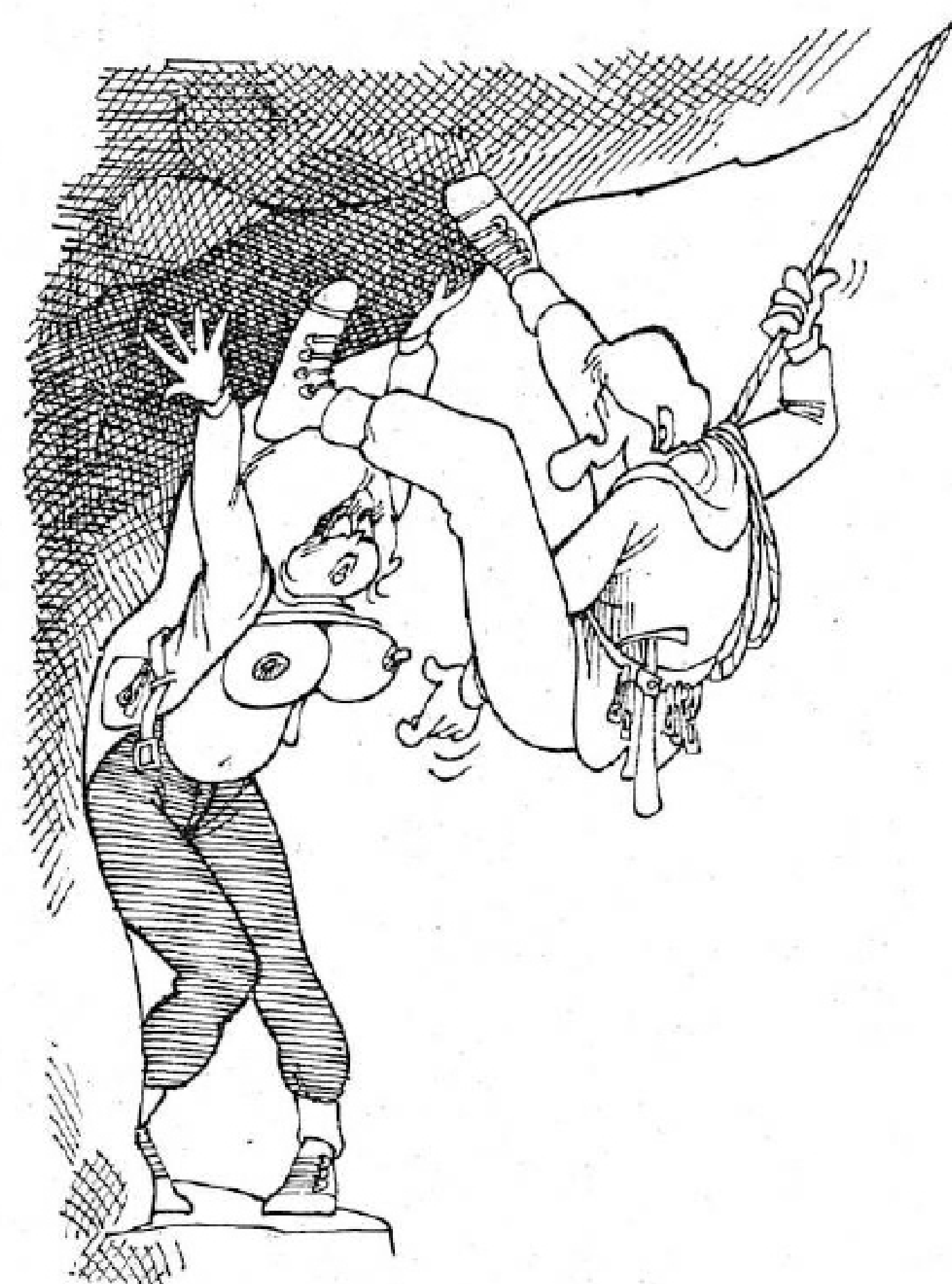
'More slack, more slack!'



'I thought you were in trouble when they said you'd slipped into a crevasse!'



'Shouldn't you be trying to find a foot hold?'



'Hold the rope steady, Nigel — I'm just about to tackle the overhang.'



'To be honest, Gail, I think we were a lot safer perched on that ledge 2,000 feet up.'

The Lockheed Hudson started life as an airliner, but in military form it beat off German fighters, landed secret agents, destroyed 120,000 tons of shipping in a week, sank four U-boats and forced another to surrender

Hudson: the bomber that always came back

by Ken Wixey

ILLUSTRATION BY MICHAEL CODD

On the morning of August 27, 1941, a Lockheed Hudson maritime reconnaissance-bomber, from RAF Coastal Command's 269 Squadron, was on routine patrol over the North Atlantic. At just after 06.30 hrs, agitated water and a tell tale wake some 800 yards ahead revealed the presence of a German U-Boat. Visibility was restricted by rain squalls as the Hudson dropped smoke floats to mark the submarine's position, and a message was transmitted to the aircraft's base in Iceland reporting the sighting. For nearly an hour the Hudson circled the area, its vigilance being rewarded when the U-Boat was spotted again, this time surfaced about a mile away on the aircraft's port side.

Immediately the twin-engine bomber roared in to attack the submarine with depth charges, but

Located and attacked by a Lockheed Hudson whose bomb release gear jammed, U-570 surrenders to another Hudson reconnaissance-bomber a few hours later after being attacked with depth charges.





Above: Lockheed Hudson reconnaissance-bombers awaiting delivery to the RAF. Left: U570 surrenders to a Hudson of 269 Squadron Coastal Command, after being attacked with depth charges.

the release gear jammed and the U-Boat managed to crash-dive. A second sighting report was radioed to base, and three hours elapsed before a second Hudson from 269 Squadron appeared on the scene. This aircraft spotted the U-Boat 1,200 yards away to port, and raced in to release its deadly load of depth charges.

The U-Boat disappeared completely for two minutes before re-surfacing very rapidly indeed. The crew of the submarine emerged from the conning tower and clambered down to the deck, but as the Hudson flew around them firing its guns they beat a hasty retreat back into the U-Boat. Several minutes later they re-appeared on deck, this time waving a white flag (the captain's shirt it turned out). The U-Boat had surrendered to the Hudson, a unique occasion in the annals of RAF history. Other Hudsons and a Catalina flying-boat kept watch over the prize until dusk, when the Royal Navy arrived to take the *U-570* and her POW crew back to Iceland.

It was a Hudson from 220 Squadron that located the German prison ship *Altmark* in Josing Fjord, Norway, on February 16, 1940. The *Altmark*, which had been supply ship to the German pocket-battleship *Graf Spee*, was attempting to convey British prisoners to Germany, but had taken refuge in then neutral Norway.

The RAF Hudson reported the position of the 'hell-ship' as it became known, and directed ships of the Royal Navy to the rescue, the prisoners returning home immediately aboard the British vessels; Hudsons escorted the naval ships on the journey and en route spotted and reported four mines, which the Royal Navy quickly destroyed. Other Hudsons waited to attack the *Altmark* if she tried to escape from Norwegian waters.

On the second day of World War II, it was

announced that a Lockheed Hudson of RAF Coastal Command had attacked a German Dornier 18 flying-boat, and on October 8, 1939, a Hudson from 224 Squadron, based at Leuchars, shot down another Dornier 18 over Jutland. This was the first 'kill' claimed by Coastal Command, and the first victory claimed by an American-built aircraft in RAF service. During the Dunkirk evacuation, Hudsons of Coastal Command flew constant patrols over the beaches to afford some protection to the desperate troops below. They dive bombed and strafed the encircling German forces, bombed enemy ships in the vicinity and tangled with the Luftwaffe overhead. On returning to their bases, some Hudsons involved in the Dunkirk operation had wings wrinkled from the strain imposed by pulling out of dives!

The Hudson was tough, and could certainly absorb punishment, as for example the one that had its starboard tailplane practically shot away while the port tailplane and rudder were at an upward angle of two feet, yet which still managed to land safely back at base. In another Hudson two of the crew were badly wounded, and when the aircraft landed at its base ground staff said it was a flying sieve, so many bullet holes had it collected.

On another occasion a battle-damaged Hudson struggled home on one engine for 350 miles, and in an interview afterwards with war correspondent Quentin Reynolds, the pilot was extremely grateful for the Hudson's robustness. He said 'if you get out California way, drop into the Lockheed factory and tell them thanks for me. This is a kite that doesn't know when it's licked.'

Strangely the versatile Hudson was never intended as a warplane. In fact as Lockheed's

Model 14 Super Electra the initial design was a 14 seat passenger aircraft powered by two 760hp Wright Cyclone radial engines, the prototype making its first flight on July 29, 1937. Owing to the popularity of the higher capacity Douglas DC-3s then entering service, the Lockheed 14 proved less efficient in operating costs, although technically it was a fine aeroplane with a number of advanced features which included integral fuel tanks within the wings, trailing-edge flaps of the Fowler type, fully-feathering airscrews and fixed wing slots. A high wing loading factor and the powerful Cyclone engines resulted in a good performance from the Super Electra, but only a small number served in the United States, the majority being exported.

During 1938, despite Prime Minister Neville Chamberlain's wistful talk of 'peace in our time', British officialdom was looking to America as a source of supplementing the growing strength of the Royal Air Force and Fleet Air Arm. As a consequence a British Purchasing Commission travelled to the United States in April, 1938, intent on acquiring a substantial number of American military aeroplanes. When they arrived at the Lockheed Aircraft plant in Burbank, California, it was to discover a relatively small company which employed less than 2,000 people designing and constructing transport planes only.

However, the Lockheed executives and design team had got together when they knew the British team was on its way looking for warplanes, and in just ten days and nights produced drawings and a wooden mock-up of the Model 14 passenger aircraft in its converted form as a reconnaissance-bomber.

When the British party arrived and saw the newly

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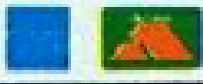


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M218

Lockheed Hudson

continued from page 22

built mock-up they were suitably impressed, for although they had intended approaching Lockheed about acquiring a navigational trainer for the RAF, the Model 14 would provide an admirable replacement for the Avro Ansons then serving with Coastal Command.

Several changes would be required for British service, but the type certainly received favourable comments from the Commission. Further discussions took place in London after a group of Lockheed officials flew to see British Air Ministry officials at the invitation of Sir Henry Self, Director of Contracts at the Ministry. Finally on June 23, 1938, the contract was signed with an initial order for 175 aircraft, with as many more as could be delivered by December 1939, up to a maximum of 250.

The aircraft was named the Hudson for RAF service, after Henry Hudson the famous British navigator and explorer of the 17th Century, who had the Hudson river, which he reached in 1609, named after him. The first Lockheed Hudson (N7205) made its initial flight on December 10, 1938, and despite problems with tooling, the 250th machine was rolled out over seven weeks ahead of schedule, thanks to an increase in staff and three shift working.

At first Hudsons were delivered crated aboard ship, the first arriving at Liverpool on February 15, 1939, and then assembled at nearby Speke airport, where Lockheed established a subsidiary firm to undertake the rapidly increasing work consequential to the numbers of Hudsons arriving, which by the summer of 1940 had amounted to over 200 aircraft. A British installation when the Hudsons arrived was a power-operated rear gun-turret, manufactured and fitted by Boulton Paul Aircraft Ltd, and housing two .303-in Browning machine-guns. Structurally the Hudson was of all-metal construction. The differences to the civil passenger model were obvious in the glazed nose position, the rear turret and the bomb bay within the centre fuselage.

The wings contained a main spar which ran through the fuselage, an auxiliary spar and girder-type ribs in the centre-section, with a lighter type construction incorporated into the outer panels.

The tail unit was all-metal with a covering of flush-riveted sheet apart from the control surface, which like the ailerons, were fabric-covered. The main wheels retracted backwards into the engine nacelles, a small portion of the wheel being exposed; the tailwheel was fixed.

In addition to the rear turret armament, the Hudson carried twin .303-in Browning guns fixed to fire forward from the top of the forward fuselage, one .303-in machine-gun in a ventral position, and provision for two Vickers 'K' guns, one each side in beam positions. On earlier models the bomb load was 750 lb, but later versions were capable of carrying up to 1,400 lbs of bombs or depth charges.

With the onset of World War II, orders for the Hudsons increased rapidly, not only for the RAF, but also the air forces of Australia, Canada, New Zealand, Nationalist China and the US Army Air Corps and US Navy.

The British order for 250 Mk Is was increased to 350, followed by a contract of 20 Mk IIs with different airscrews, 414 Mk IIIs following, these having the more powerful 1,200hp Cyclone

engines, and also introducing the ventral and beam gun positions. Initially the Mk IIIs had little advantage in range, but after some 150 had been built, extra fuel tanks were fitted, and on November 11, 1940, seven Hudson Mk IIIs flew direct from Gander, Newfoundland, to Aldergrove, Northern Ireland, in 10½ hours. From then on all Hudsons were flown across the Atlantic on their delivery flights.

One Hudson Mk III was presented to the RAF by Lockheed free, the materials for this aircraft (T9465) having been supplied by the company 'gratis', while the employees gave their time free. This particular aeroplane was named 'Spirit of Lockheed Vega Employees', and was handed over to the British ambassador in front of assembled Lockheed employees. This machine was allotted to 269 Squadron. At the end of January 1940, Hudsons were the first aircraft in RAF Coastal Command to be fitted with ASV radar, which was to prove so effective against submarines when trying to locate them in bad weather or at night.

Two Hudson squadrons were stationed in Northern Ireland to give more impetus to the anti-U-Boat units, and it was Hudsons from these squadrons that assisted in tracking the battleship *Bismark* and cruiser *Prinz Eugen*, when they left Dobric Fjord in Norway in April 1941.

It was a Hudson of 206 Squadron which went to the assistance of Blackburn Skua dive-bombers of the Fleet Air Arm being attacked by German Messerschmitt 109E fighters. The Hudson used the concentrated fire from its guns to tackle the enemy machines, which eventually gave up the fight and made off. Another time three Hudsons from 220 Squadron were on patrol when they spotted a formation of some 40 Junkers Ju 87 Stuka dive-bombers. Immediately the trio of Hudsons attacked the German aircraft, managing to shoot down five and damage two without loss. During the Norwegian Campaign in 1940, Hudsons played a major role in their capacity as reconnaissance-bombers, and on April 17, one Hudson acted as the spotting plane for the guns of *HMS Suffolk* when she shelled the Luftwaffe aerodrome at Stavanger. The Scottish-based Hudsons were hard-pressed in maintaining Coastal Command's presence along the Norwegian coastline. Together with Bristol Blenheims, they faced an outward flight of up to 400 miles, the arduous task of fighting off Luftwaffe aircraft, superior in numbers and with bases in the vicinity, and then the long flight home, often in atrocious weather conditions.

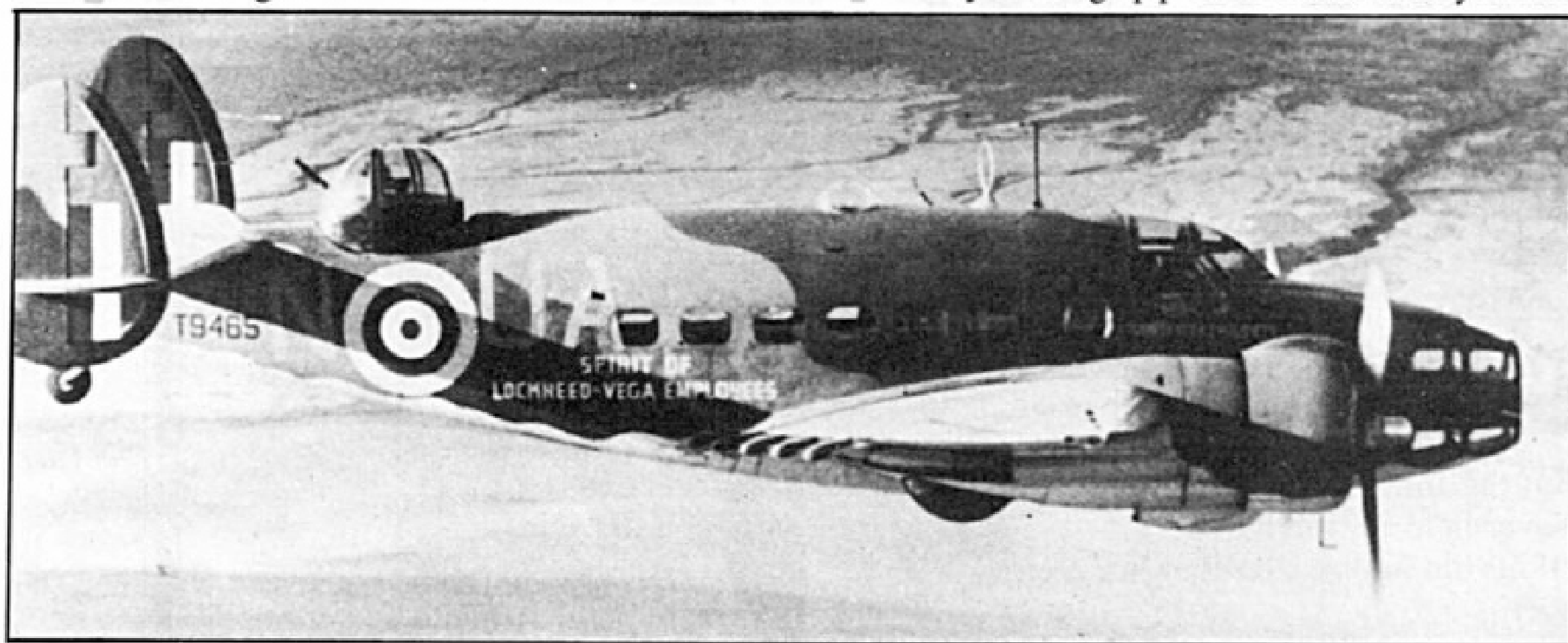
On June 11, after reconnaissance reports had confirmed that the battle cruiser *Scharnhorst* and two cruisers were taking on supplies from a ship in Trondhjem Fjord, a force of Hudsons carrying armour-piercing bombs was sent to attack them. Flying in at 15,000 feet the Hudsons straddled the enemy ships with 36 250lb bombs, and although no confirmed hits were recorded on the *Scharnhorst*, direct hits were made on one of the cruisers and the supply ship. Attacks then followed by both the Fleet Air Arm and Coastal Command, but bad weather and surrounding terrain severely hampered the operations which were carried out against fierce opposition. Then June 21 the *Scharnhorst* was out with a destroyer escort, and further air attacks were made by Swordfish, Beauforts and finally Hudsons. The *Scharnhorst* was damaged enough by these attacks to warrant her withdrawal to a dry dock

turn to page 106

Lockheed Hudson

continued from page 26

at Kiel for repairs, and this massive ship was out of action until early 1941. The operation had cost the Fleet Air Arm one Swordfish, while Coastal Command lost three Beauforts and one Hudson. The German invasion of Norway meant more work for Coastal Command in patrolling the Frisian Islands and Heligoland Bight, and obviously the Luftwaffe in turn became more active in seeking out the Hudsons, which were mainly used on these patrols as they replaced the short-range Ansons.



A Mk 111 Hudson of 269 Squadron, Coastal Command, powered by two 1,100 hp Wright Cyclone engines. It was a gift from Lockheed-Vega employees.

The resilience of the Hudson and the men who flew them can, perhaps, be exemplified by one instance in which a lone Hudson, while patrolling near Borkum on May 3, 1940, was attacked by three Me 109E fighters. The rear gunner shot down one of the enemy aircraft before he himself was hit and mortally wounded, his body slumping over and jamming the turret.

The pilot, realising they were now without rear defence, made a run for it with the remaining two Messerschmitts in pursuit. The Hudson flew at practically zero feet above the waves, the enemy fighters exhausting their ammunition. The pilot was wounded as was the navigator, but miraculously the engines were not hit and the Hudson plodded on.

Before they flew off the two Messerschmitt pilots formed alongside the Hudson and wagged their wings to demonstrate their admiration for a very gallant crew. The Hudson's pilot nearly collapsed from the effects of his wounds, but with the assistance of the automatic pilot ('George') he managed to get the Hudson back to base, the wounded navigator and the wireless operator in the meantime having managed to extract the body of the rear gunner.

After the Germans had taken Holland, Hudsons began night bombing operations against oil installations at Rotterdam. They were joined by Coastal Command Beauforts, and on May 20, smoke from burning oil tanks rose to some 7,000 feet. By May 31 it was reported that all the oil storage facilities had been destroyed.

Before the advent of the longer range Liberator bombers with Coastal Command, Hudsons flew escort to the Atlantic convoys as far as their range would allow, and on July 23, 1941, one of these Hudsons had a running fight with a four-engined Focke-Wulf Condor reconnaissance aircraft, so hated by Allied seamen.

The Focke-Wulf was only flying at about 100 feet above the sea, heading for the convoy, and apparently oblivious to the fast approaching Hudson. The pilot opened up with his twin

Browning guns, and answering fire came at the Hudson from the upper guns of the German plane. Gradually the Hudson overhauled the enemy machine, the rear gunner of the British aircraft opening fire at point-blank range until suddenly the Focke-Wulf turned away with its port engines on fire. A few minutes later it hit the sea, the crew taking to their rubber dinghy before being picked up by a corvette from the convoy. One of the Hudson's crew photographed the downed enemy machine, and as they flew off for home the British crew could see the ships of the convoy sending up puffs of steam as they saluted

the Hudson crew with their sirens.

Hudsons also gave aerial protection to shipwrecked seamen once they had been located, not only to those from merchant ships, but also to the Royal Navy's men and ships if they were in trouble. Such instances included the location and protection of the British submarine *HMS Triad* when she was in trouble near Norway, another submarine, *HMS Triumph*, after hitting a mine in the North Sea, surveillance over *HMS Kelly* from the time she was torpedoed until her arrival at port, and similar protection to *HMS Barham* while she was at sea in a damaged state. In the majority of these cases the Hudsons were more often than not engaged in fights with enemy aircraft as they tried to attack the helpless vessels. Hudsons carried out numerous bombing attacks against German shipping and shore installations, and in 1941, between October 30 and November 5, 120,000 tons of enemy shipping was sunk or severely damaged. Many of these raids were made at night when there was a surfeit of moonlight, and against heavy enemy flak.

One such attack was carried out on the night of October 29/30 by Hudsons from Scotland against ships in the harbour at Aalesund, Norway. The Hudsons went in very low indeed, the flak batteries firing down on them from the surrounding hills, but they managed to sink four merchant ships, one a vessel of 6,000 tons, and considerably damage three others. All the Hudsons returned safely from that raid.

The Hudson was also operated on more clandestine duties, and from 1942, was employed alongside the Lysanders of 161 Squadron, a Special Duties unit responsible for transporting Allied secret agents to and from occupied Europe. These flights involved dropping parachutists, and sometimes nocturnal landings and take-offs in fields.

Another important duty performed by the Hudson was that of a flying courier between Britain and Sweden in what was known as 'Scrutator', top secret flights which were

controlled from the War Office. These involved taking items of freight, mail and often passengers to Stockholm, while on the return flights, the supply of Swedish ball-bearings, made to a very high standard and much in demand for British war production, was maintained. There were also passengers to be returned from Sweden — diplomats, escaped Allied prisoners of war and even people who had managed to escape from the clutches of the Gestapo.

These Hudsons were specially converted Mk IIIs and came under the jurisdiction of BOAC, and although camouflaged, carried civil registration letters and a name under the BOAC 'Loch' class. Four Hudsons operated this important, often quite hazardous crossing.

In RAF service, the Hudson III was followed by the Mk IIIA, this being the first type to be sent under the Lend-Lease scheme. Although 800 were ordered for the RAF, only 382 were delivered, the remainder going to the US Army Air Force as the A-29, while some ended up with the US Navy as PBO-1 patrol bombers, operating in the Caribbean area on anti-submarine duties. The US Army machines did not usually have the power-operated turret fitted, but instead a single .50in gun was installed on a flexible mounting in an open position with a shield for the gunner's back. The A-29 could carry a 1,600lb bomb load, and on July 7, 1942, the German submarine *U-701* was attacked and sunk by one of these aircraft. The US Navy PBO-1s sank two German U-Boats, both in March 1942.

Thirty Hudson Mk IVs were diverted to the RAF from an Australian contract, followed by 309 Mk Vs and 450 Mk VIs, all these versions having 1,200hp Pratt & Whitney Twin Wasp engines. By 1943 RAF Hudsons were active in the Mediterranean and Middle East areas, having already flown convoy patrols the previous November to help cover the Allied landings in North Africa. On May 28, 1943, a Hudson from 608 Squadron operating out of Blida, North Africa, became the first RAF aircraft to sink a U-Boat with rocket projectiles.

Yet another first for the ubiquitous Hudson was when 280 Squadron began carrying airborne lifeboats below the fuselage, these aircraft operating in the air sea rescue role from 1942, another ASR Hudson unit was 279 Squadron based at Sturgate. The first use of a lifeboat launched from a Hudson of 280 Squadron was made in the North Sea in early May 1943.

Numbers of Hudsons served in the Far East theatre also, and in the Burma Campaign helped cover the British retreat as well as carrying out supply dropping missions to the troops.

The Royal Australian Air Force employed 12 squadrons of Hudsons, and the Royal New Zealand Air Force seven, their machines being used in the Far East and Pacific areas on shipping strikes and general patrol work. They also flew on a number of night missions, often as escorts, and operated alongside American bombers based on Guadalcanal, when they dropped flares as part of their duties.

The Lockheed Hudson was reliable, sturdy, a veritable workhorse and more important, it usually managed to get its crews out of a 'hot spot' and return them home.

Perhaps the best accolade that was bestowed on the Hudson was that of the Australian pilot who nicknamed it 'Old Boomerang' — the plane that can take it again and again and still bring you home.

PHOTOGRAPHED
BY
ED ALEXANDER

J · A · N · E

'In case you're wondering, yes I am wearing stockings and suspenders,' sexy 21-year-old Jane Williams announced within minutes of arriving at the Mayfair offices for a chat. 'That always seems to be a question of great importance for most men, so I just thought I'd stop you wondering,' said Jane, a shorthand typist from Slough with a pert 34-24-35 figure. And questioned further on the matter, she revealed that she always wears stockings. 'I find them so comfortable, and not only do men find them erotic but they make me feel sexy as well, sort of seductive. In fact, I'm not adverse to giving a chap a quick glimpse of stocking top on the bus or train if I find him attractive,' she said.



Jane works for a large company based on the local trading estate, and lives just outside town in Taplow where she shares an old cottage with two friends she has known since her schooldays. 'They used to call us the Terrible Trio because we were always getting ourselves into scrapes. I remember a major row when we were caught in our sixth form common room with some boys from the nearby grammar school. The teacher said we were playing strip poker, but it was just a harmless game of bridge. Anyway, that's my story, and I'm going to stick to it,' she laughed.



Out of working hours, Jane is a fresh air fanatic, and every Sunday afternoon you'll find her walking off a large roast lunch with a circuit of the big lake at Windsor Great Park. 'It's a fair few miles, but I do love Yorkshire pudding, and I have to keep in shape somehow. Besides, it's so built up where I work I love getting out where everything's green and growing. It sets me up for another week.'

Jane has a small garden at her house, but is the first to admit she is far from green-fingered. 'I'm so hopeless I can't even get weeds to grow, let alone flowers of any sort. Once I tried to raise some runner beans, but only got half a pound in the whole season,' she told us.





When it comes to an evening out, Jane prefers the bright lights of London to the local scene. 'It's such an exciting place, and I love the crowds. I'm a dedicated people watcher. They fascinate me, and I love making up little stories about how some mysterious-looking foreigner might be a spy, or how an ordinary housewife could have just murdered her husband. Who knows, one day I might just come up with a correct guess. It's fun wondering.'



As far as men are concerned, Jane is single, and plans to stay that way for a few years yet. 'The trouble is I haven't really decided what type of guys I like. Sometimes I go for the strong and silent sort, then the next day I might fall for the cocky chap who has all the chat.' In the meantime she has a string of casual boyfriends. 'I call them my harem, but as they all know they're not exclusive, then I do not feel guilty about it. I do believe it is important, though, to be honest in any relationship.'

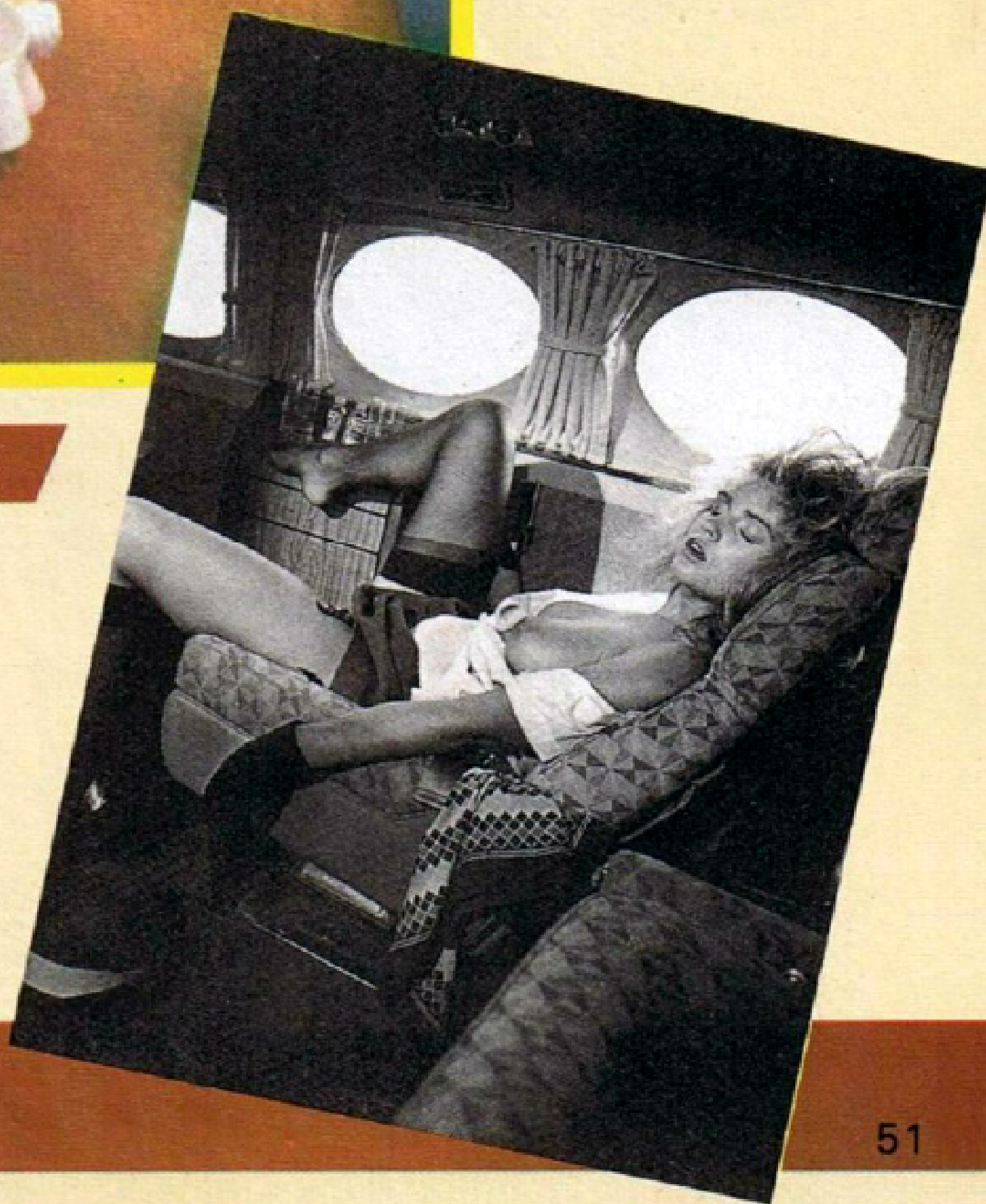


PHOTOGRAPHED
BY
CLIVE McLEAN

FROM LEEDS TO LOS ANGELES...

Gail Thackray

PAGE THREE GIRL, TV STAR AND
'VLADIVAR VIRGIN'





Hollywood, home of sun and show-biz — the town that epitomises glamour like no other. Even today, it's the goal of every girl who wants her name in lights, be it in films, TV or modelling. Few make it, and instead talk bitterly of tinsel town 'not being what it was.' But Yorkshire-born Gail Thackray *has* made it, and is now a top model and TV star.

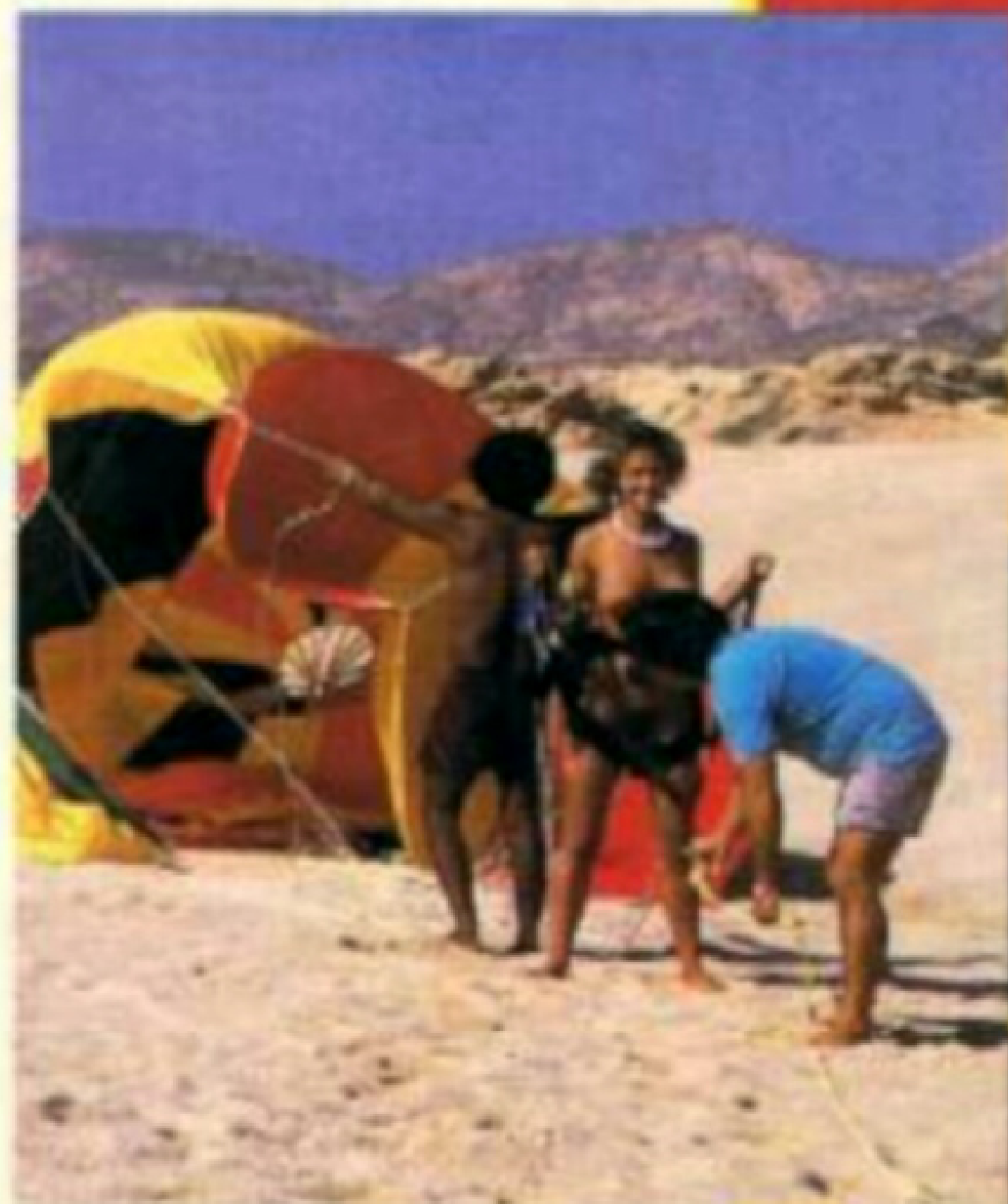


Twenty-one-year-old Gail's rise to fame has been dramatic. She was born and bred in Leeds, and despite her recent exposure to the California high life, retains her Yorkshire accent. She took up modelling, just two years ago after leaving school with no less than four 'A' levels. In fact, Gail was all set to become another James Herriot. 'I set my heart on being a vet,' she told us from her new home on the borders of Beverly Hills. 'I even did a course in

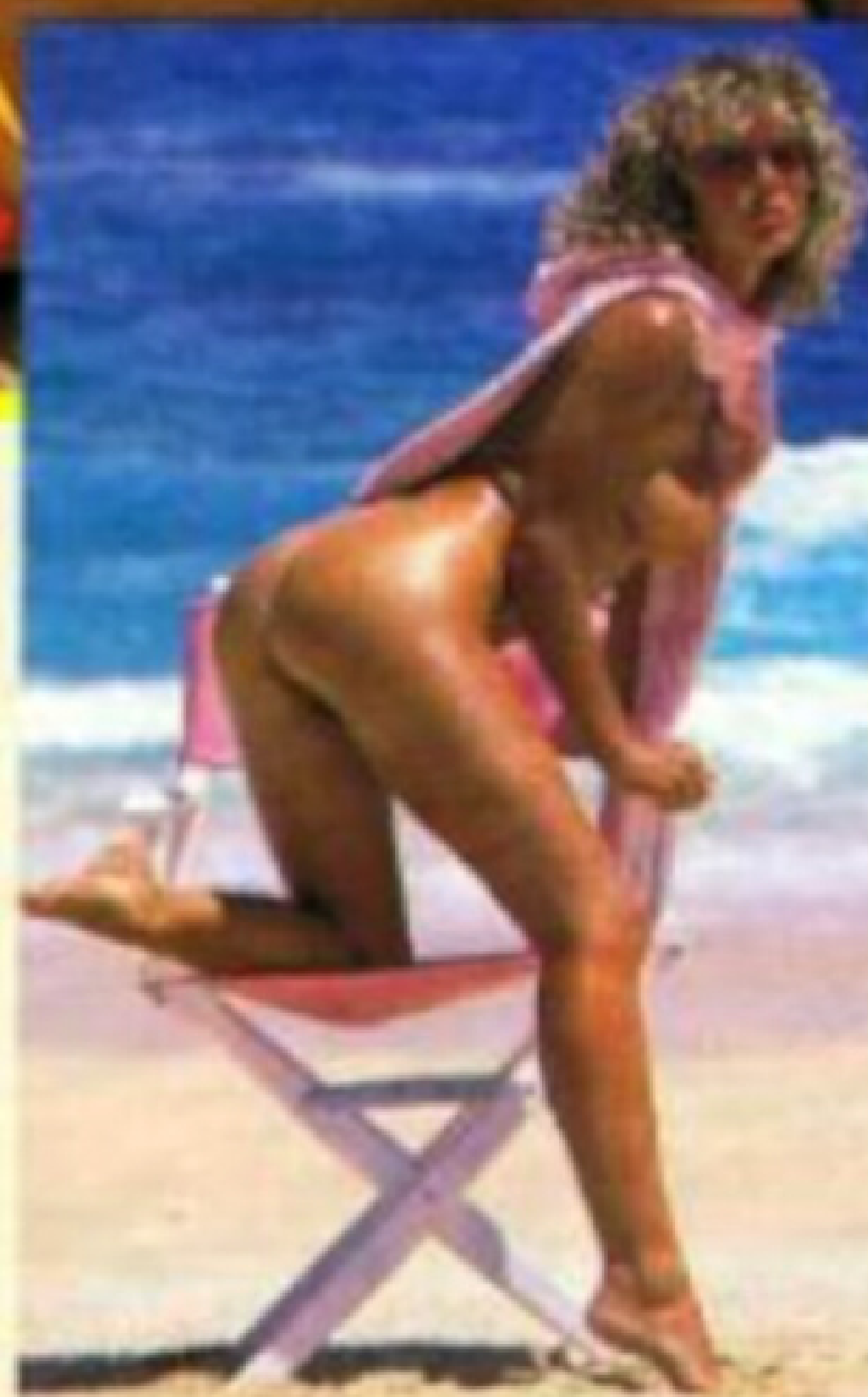


veterinary surgery.' Fortunately for us, the competition was too strong, and at 19, Gail turned to modelling. Soon afterwards, her 35-22-35 figure was gracing *Page Three*, and work began to flood in. One job was posing in the 1986 Vladivar vodka calendar, 'Virgins in Fantasy'. That stunning shot is bottom right on our page 51. In fact, the same company was planning to use her as their personality girl this year. But America, and the sun and status of California, beckoned.





Now Gail lives what for many of us is a fantasy. For six months of the year she is in Hollywood, appearing on cable television in shows for the Playboy channel, on cable's *Candid Camera* and in TV commercials. She bumps into celebrities every day in her street, and is a regular at their parties. Her 21st birthday was spent in Barbados. Her current plans include developing her love of flying, hang-gliding and parachuting, by setting up her own skydiving



team (she's a qualified skydiving instructress). All she needs is commercial sponsorship. On top of that, there is the inevitable calendar and magazine work. For the other six months, Gail comes home to Yorkshire to visit her family (and put in a few more *Page Three* appearances). 'I love visiting the old country pubs — I do miss those,' she told us. She also enjoys London's nightlife. Gail is a lucky girl — she has the best of both old and new worlds.





MAYFAIR

GT- THE POLISHED OPEL

In the early sixties, Opel were producing staid cars for the family and fleet market. Today, their aerodynamic Mantas are winning rallies all over the world in the hands of men like Jimmy McRea. What brought about this dramatic change? The answer is the Opel GT, a sleek, well-appointed but inexpensive sports car that surged up to 115 mph, and changed Opel's thinking about car design from that day on

In the past General Motors' cars have had a reputation for being less than exciting. In America, GM's Chevrolet was the 'great aunt' of US motoring. In Britain, Vauxhall provided equally staid cars for the family and fleet market. And in Europe, Opel were doing the same from their German and French bases. Now though, with the rallying successes of Russell Brookes and Jimmy McRea under their belts, Opel have changed their image. It was change that started with the Opel GT, their first endeavour in the sporting field, now recognised as one of the cars that has made Auntie GM lift up her skirts and run as fast if not faster than the rest of them. The Opel GT made its public debut at the 1965 Frankfurt Motor Show. It was Opel's first sports car, and consequently received a great deal of attention from European motoring cognoscenti. Its similarity to the Chevrolet Corvette is not surprising. It was intended to perform the same job. Just as the glass-fibre Corvette had made people realise that Chevrolet weren't just good at building American taxis, the Opel GT was hoping to enliven the image of the German car firm. With its long, sleek bonnet, fold-away headlights (more of a novelty in the mid-sixties than today) and chopped off tail, it was an instant hit with the public. The only snag was that they couldn't buy it. The silver model on display at



The Opel GT was produced from 1968 to 1973. This example won the Best Opel GT title at Silverstone's GM show.



Frankfurt was little more than a prototype, handbuilt and still highly experimental. There were going to be a good few laps of their new Dudenhofen test track completed before the cautious Germans would let the public get their eager hands on their new baby.

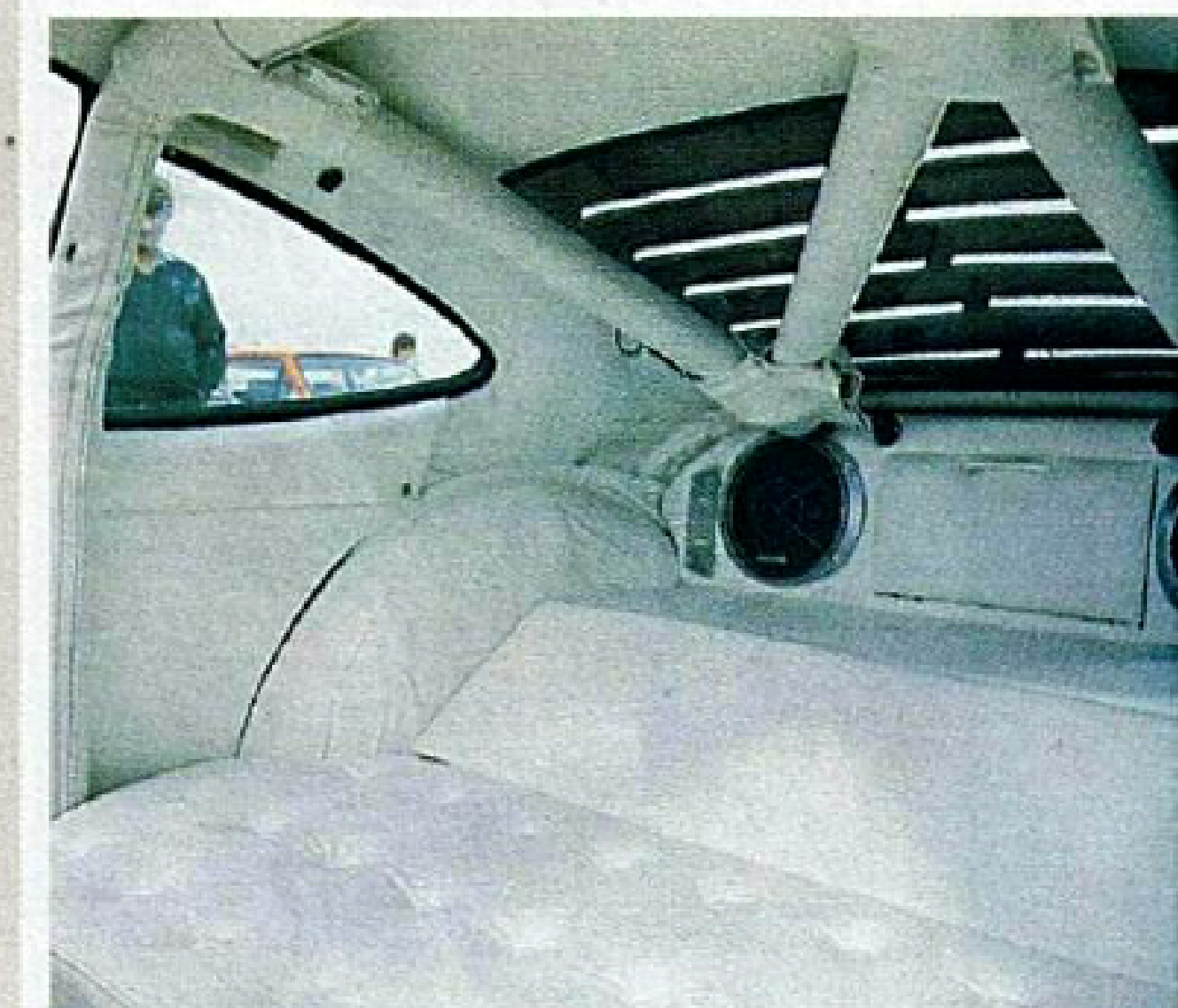
In fact, the makers were so cautious that it had hardly occurred to them at this stage that the GT should go into full production. Whilst the Motor Show model was driveable with Opel Kadett technology and a Rekord engine, the engineers had thought of it more as a test bed for engines, brakes etc at high speed. However when they saw the reaction to the exciting two-seater, they realised that there might be a ready market for a sporting Opel.

The GT project had begun as early as 1962, when Opel first realised that the company had a 'dowdy' image, and wanted to give it a sportier name. What was needed was a handsome, technically modern but moderately priced sports coupe for the younger driver. At first, Opel had thought of marketing their version of other cars within the group, but eventually it was decided to design one of their own. The project was so secret at this time that only a handful of development men knew about it. Under styling director Charles M Jordan, the fight was on to

Photographed and
described by
Ed Alexander



Above and below: The original Opel GT had a plush interior for its price, but it was nothing compared to this. The velour and leatherette trim has been replaced with real hide covering everything including the rollcage — opulence bordering on the excessive.



Further examples of the car that was to change Opel's thinking about design, seen at Silverstone General Motors show. Vehicles came from all over Europe to compete including (top left) this early model to Opel's original design, apart from the louvred rear blind. Others have altered their cars more considerably, like the Opel GT pictured right, which has an additional rear-mounted spoiler.

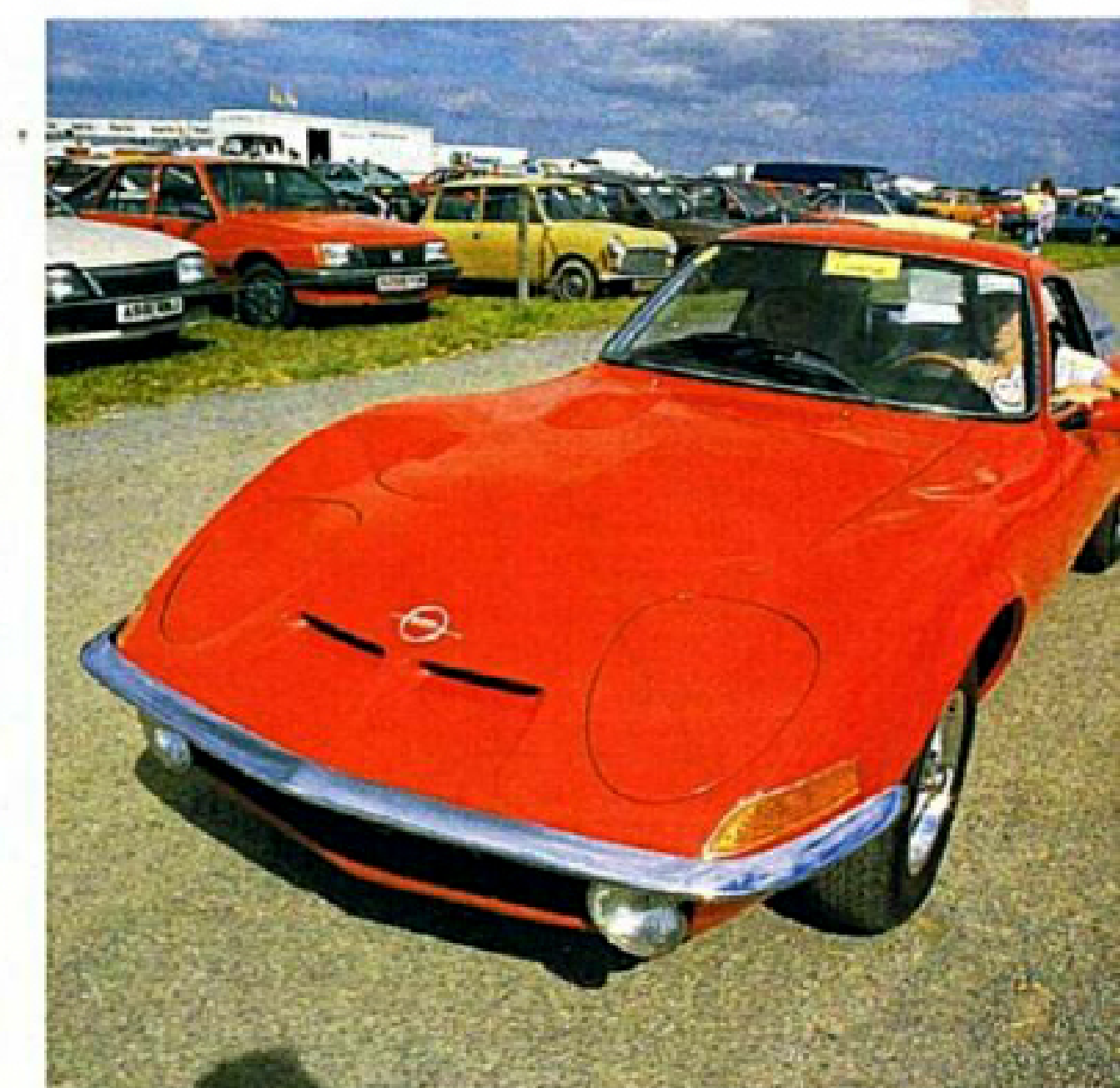


create a car to match the Italian Alfa Romeo. It was a task that was to take six years. Aerodynamics were the first priority. It was decided to fit all the components such as axles, engine and transmission into the passenger cell, making the wheel arches as small as possible and giving a low front that would provide little wind resistance. The spare wheel and fuel tank were placed between the rear wheels right behind the two front seats with the remaining space for luggage. However the final body design took longer to agree. Almost from the start the chopped off rear and round rear lights were accepted, and stayed with the car to completion. But other parts were argued over, redesigned, replaced, and returned to throughout its development. Life-size clay models were made and altered. The headlamps were square, then oval, then square again. Mock-ups of the interior were tampered with. Until finally they had their prototype for the Frankfurt Show.

Amazingly though there were still doubts about putting the car into production. Reports from Frankfurt, Turin, Paris and Geneva were ecstatic, the marketing men said it was just what Opel needed, but still the Opel board could not bring itself to vote in favour of production. Would its relatively low cost (around £3,000)



*Above: One of the Opel GT's unique headlamps revolving in position.
Below: The GT's Kamm tail was revised several times before production started.*



More Silverstone entrants including (top right) the runner-up in the UK Opel GT section. The picture centre top is of their last model the GT/J. This had a simplified interior and was cheaper to buy than the GT.



impair production quality? The engine and gearbox positioning was causing concern. Was it aerodynamic enough? And still they argued about those headlights! So more tests were made, delaying any thought of production. The engine was moved 12 inches further back. The prototype was tested in the wind tunnel until, with a reworked nose and a lip to the tail of the sort invented by Professor Kamm in the thirties, it had a drag factor of just 0.393. By March 1966, the pre-production model stood in the yard of Opel's styling studio for viewing by the board, and their final decision. They agreed. However, it was still to be two years before the first GT was delivered to its owner. The Opel plants at Russelsheim and Bochum were working to capacity, so the car had to be built in France. In May 1966, a plaster form of the car was delivered to Chasson near Paris for tooling and making the machines that would build the car's panels. Still further tests were done on 12 pre-production vehicles. Then at long last the Opel GT was available for purchase. The final production model's variations from the popular prototype might seem slight considering the length of time spent testing the car. The front bumper was slightly higher, two slits and a lump in the bonnet (to clear the air filter) appeared, and those headlights were eventually oval. The side

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doors were also modified, being extended into the roof of the car to make getting in and out easier, whilst slits above the rear window improved airflow. Unlike its cousin the Corvette, the GT had an all steel body with integrated roll bar. The floor pan, chassis and gearbox came from the Kadett B or Rekord, as did the engines sized 1,100 and 1,900cc. The former was the Rallye Kadett's 1,078cc and the latter the 1,897cc of the Rekord.

The 1,100 version boasted twin carburettors giving 5,200 rpm at 96 mph, and a 0 to 60 time of 16.4 seconds. On four star petrol it returned 20 mpg. The 1,900cc offered 5,100 rpm, a 115 mph top speed and a 0 to 60 time of 11.4 seconds for only a tiny drop in mpg. Thanks to good weight distribution, the GT was easy to handle though suffered from a little oversteer. This, however, was compensated for by the low centre of gravity. Suspension on both cars was independent at the front with beam axle at the rear. For sporting drivers, Opel also offered optional gas pressure shock absorbers, limited slip differential and improved suspension.

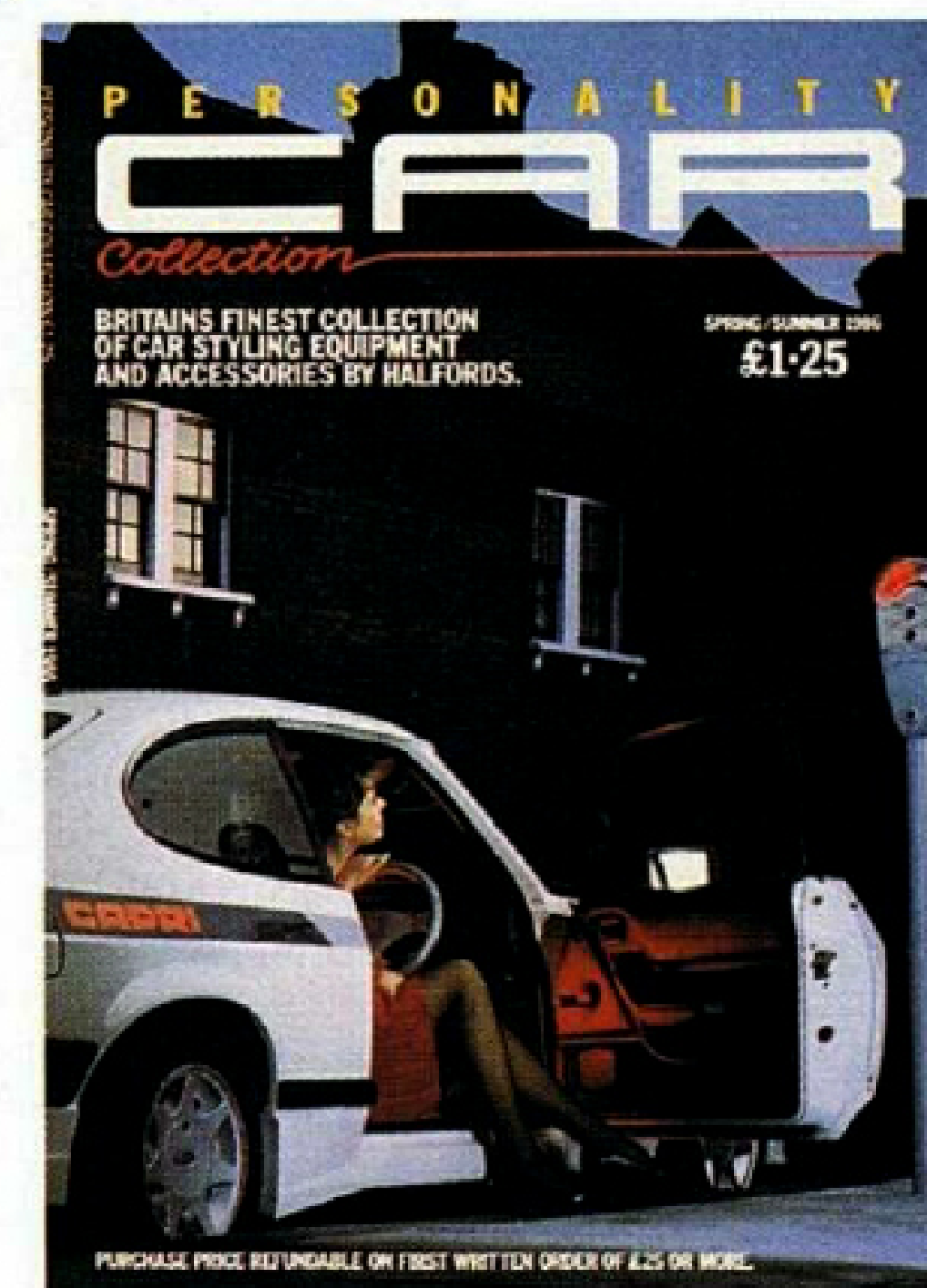
The final dimensions of 13 foot 6 inches by 5 feet 2 inches by 4 feet gave space for two plus luggage (behind the seats). The interior was plush for a car of the price: foam padded dash, velour carpets, leatherette side panels, with dials mounted within a hooded binnacle. When the first GT was delivered in September 1968, ten colours (four metallic) were available. The press campaign stated immodestly that 'only flying is finer.' And Europe was about to find out why. By the end of that year 541 had been sold, climbing to 34,997 in 1969; 31,474 of them the 1,900 version. The 1,100 continued to be less successful than its larger brother, and was eventually dropped in 1970. However, Opel had another version to flaunt at the 1969 Motor Shows. It was called the Aero GT, and offered a removable plastic roof panel for those who liked open top driving. With a wide roll-over bar serving as a frame for a folding rear window, wide tyres and a front spoiler, it received a good deal of praise and a lot of excited enquiries. But it was never put into production, and only two were made. Both survive.

In March 1971, Opel presented what was to be the final GT variation. The GT/J (for Junior) had a simplified interior and the chrome was replaced with matt black rubber, as was becoming fashionable. The carpets were also replaced with rubber mats and the old fashioned dials modernised. It was the ideal car for the young 'sporting' driver at a cheaper price than even the previous models could manage. In fact, it cost 20 per cent less, just £3,100, compared to the 1,900 GT which in 1971 would have set you back £3,700. As the Opel executives hoped, young buyers loved them.

However in 1973, despite good sales figures, GT production finished. Stiffer regulations on European roads were partly to blame, but the mould had been broken. No more would Opel be thought of as a firm that produced three box cars for fleets and families. Excitement had been injected into their designs, and it was there to stay. Today Opels are some of the most aerodynamic cars in the mass production market, and their successes in the rally field are only now being eclipsed by the four-wheel-drive monsters from Audi and Lancia. It was the GT to turn GM, and drivers of Opels and Vauxhalls the world over have a lot to thank it for.

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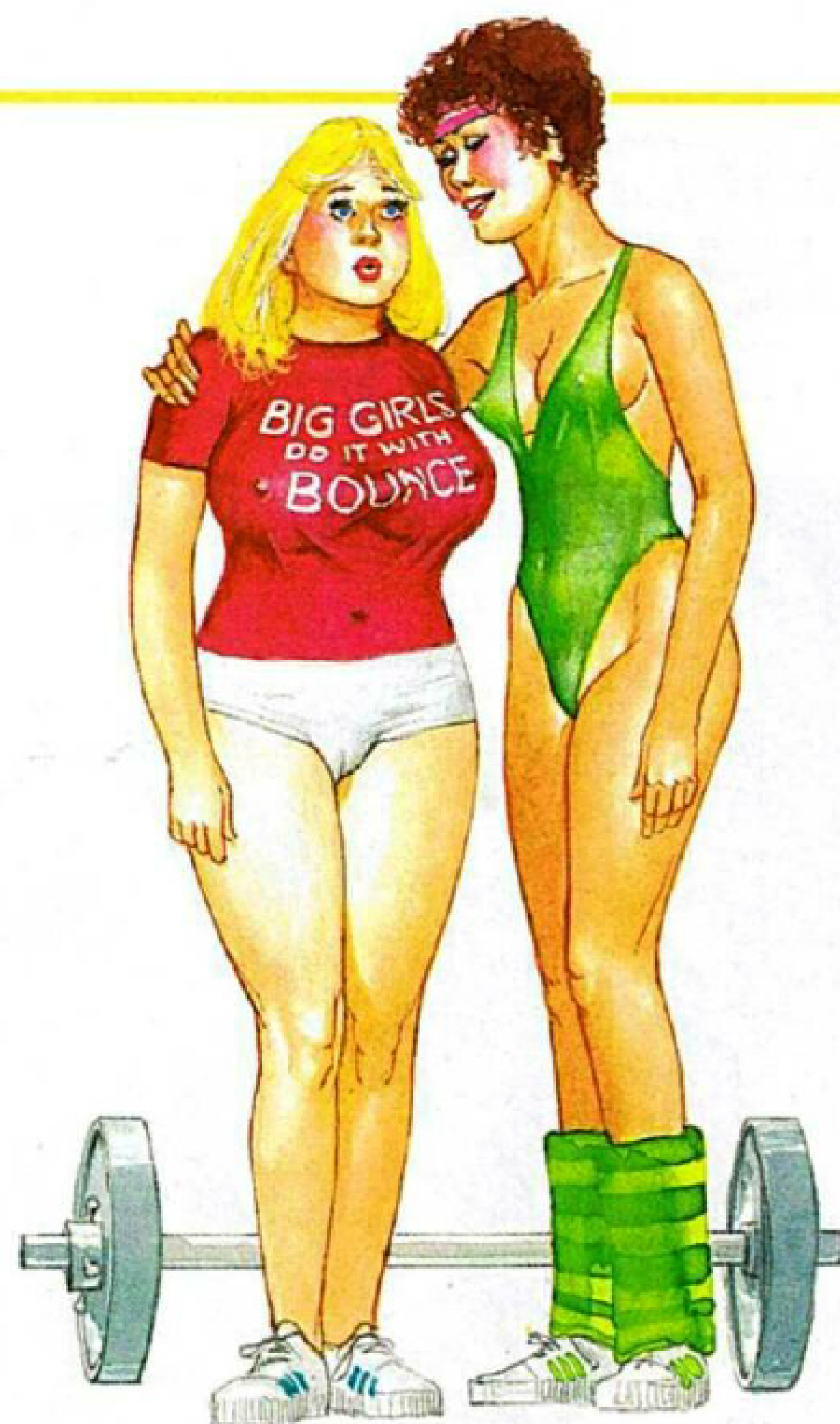
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'Maybe, Miss Jackson, but slim girls can do it longer.'



'Vidal, would you give Miss Bushby a shampoo and trim?'



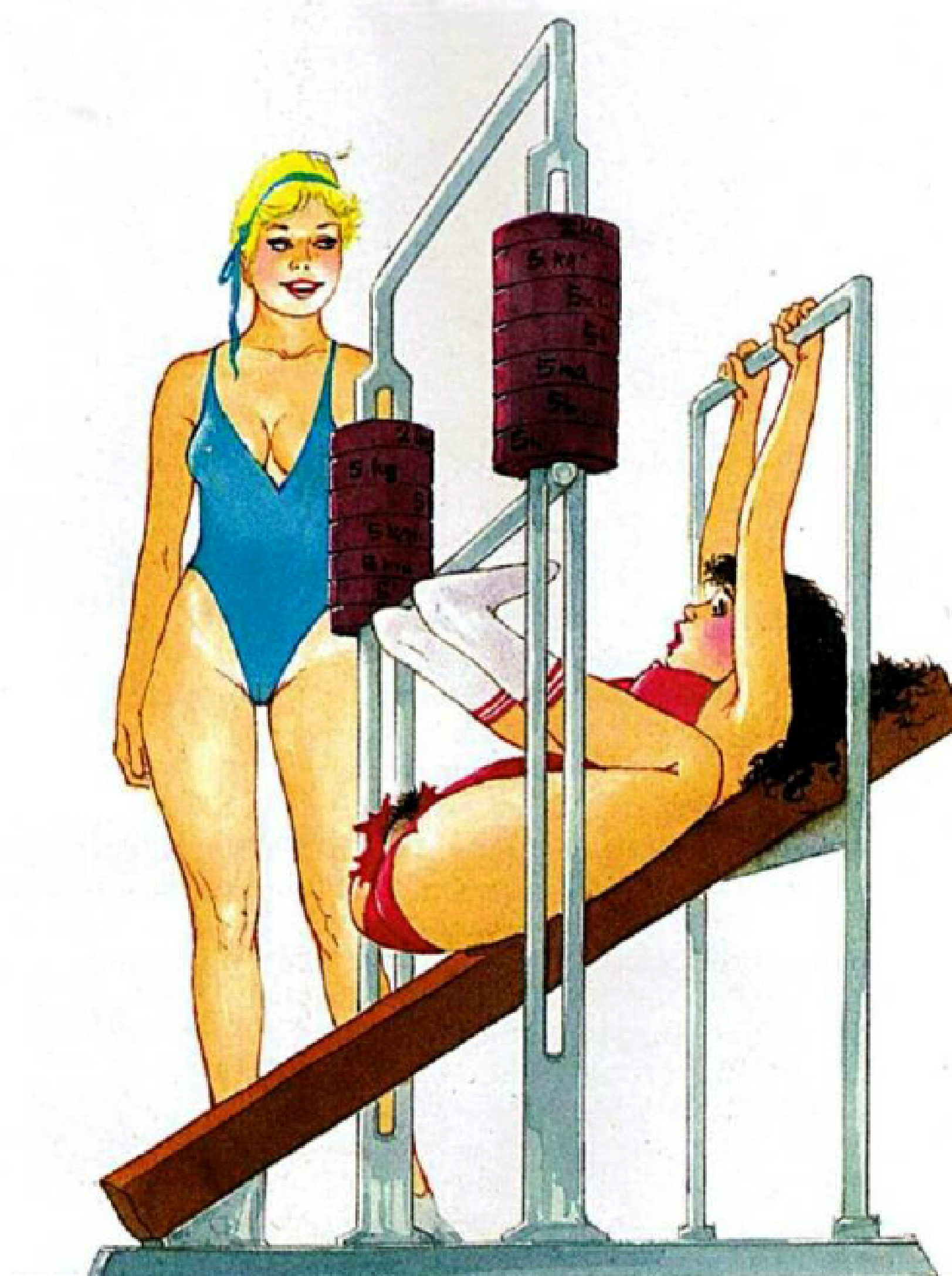
'I was losing weight for Charles, then he ran off with Nanny who's two stone heavier than I am.'



'These are called "squats", but I prefer to imagine my boyfriend is underneath me.'



'Now I can flex my labia minor whenever I want to.'



'Starting with too heavy a weight can be a mistake, Miss Boothby.'



'Being an exclusively female club, our members are free from all sexual diversions...'

Shirley

Whatever the political pros and cons of privatisation, this particular policy has reaped benefits for 26-year-old Shirley Matthews. It was thanks to the shrewd purchase and sale of British Telecom shares that Shirley was able to afford two sun-soaked weeks in the Mediterranean. And it was, in turn, thanks to that holiday that she appeared in *Mayfair*. Lying topless on the beach, her 36-24-36 frame was spotted by photographer Jean Rougeron, who invited her to try her hand at modelling. 'It seemed the perfect way to keep my lucky dabble in the stock market for posterity,' she laughed. And an album of photographs including the ones here is open for inspection on the coffee table of her studio flat in the London borough of Hounslow. 'I want everybody to know how proud I am of the shots. I wouldn't mind if even my old maiden aunts were to see them, though I think I'd have to learn the kiss of life ready for when they collapsed with shock.'

PHOTOGRAPHED
BY
JEAN
ROUGERON





Shirley admits to knowing nothing about stocks and shares — there's not a lot of call for that in the estate agents office where she works as a typist. But her good fortune has encouraged her to save up and buy a villa, or at least an apartment somewhere in the sun. 'I love a climate where you can spend the evenings outdoors, walking along the beach or drinking with a friend,' she told us. 'I admit it, I'm a romantic. I've always fancied myself as a Mills and Boon heroine falling in love with a guy called Brett or Chad.' At the moment, the role of boyfriend is a position Shirley is looking for somebody to fill. 'I thought of sending out my details like a house for sale,' she joked. 'You know, "Desirable property with character needs some attention . . ." and then seeing who came to look around. Who knows, it might be my macho hero?' Not that one really needs to be built like Rambo to satisfy her. 'Just kind and considerate,' she says.



But male clients wishing to know more about Shirley don't have to send for details. She happily supplies more here. Her favourite food is Chinese, her favourite drink dry white wine. Her ideal evening would be a dinner for two in the moonlight, then a walk back to the villa she is saving for. Her ambition? To get the Morris Minor convertible she inherited from an aunt to work properly. We advise early inspection but warn potential customers that she is highly rated. In the meantime, Shirley waits for her dream man. Mind you, she does have one not-too-serious stipulation. 'I don't mind knights in shining armour,' she joked. 'But please leave the white chargers outside, they make such a mess. Having said that, the block's roses could do with some manure.'





QUEST

The laboratory of human response
Volume Eighteen

Some people like to try the strength of their sexual relationships by arranging tests for their partners. Quest talks to three more people who have put their love on trial in this way.

INTERVIEWS

(In the interviews that follow, all names have been changed, since interviewees are guaranteed absolute anonymity. The places of origin, where stated, are not necessarily the places where the interviewees are now resident.)

INTERVIEW - 1

PUBLIC RELATIONS CONSULTANT, 27 years old, brunette, town of origin Stockton-on-Tees

This interviewee studied at a northern university and now works for a Midlands consultancy. She shares a flat with her fiancé.

Quest: Would you ever set a deliberate test to gauge a lover's true feelings?

Consultant: I'd hope not. It's asking for trouble.

Quest: Do you speak from experience?

Consultant: From a very good friend's experience. And my own. They were both the same experience, actually.

Quest: How many incidents were there?

Consultant: One. One I'm not particularly proud of, but it makes my point. I was once asked by a married girlfriend to test her husband.

Quest: Test in what way?

Consultant: To see if he was playing around by making a pass at him.

Quest: What if he took you up on it?

Consultant: I'd to make my excuses and leave.

Quest: That sounds trusting or very naive.

Consultant: Or like someone in desperate need of reassurance. But Jenny does trust me. She's my oldest friend and we're very close. And she was pregnant at the time. I'm convinced pregnancy makes women go temporarily ga-ga. Anyway I'd told her that Jeremy — her husband — wasn't my type and I didn't fancy him.

Quest: Wouldn't it have been simpler to turn her down?

Consultant: The problem was, I did fancy Jeremy! I thought he was lovely — the complete opposite of all the flash types I seem to attract — solid and reliable, but good fun too. Jenny's always been a homebody and I'd reached a point when that really appealed to me. Her letter with this crazy idea seemed like a sign.

Quest: How did all this arise?

Consultant: I was living in Manchester and Jeremy came up for a month on business. Jenny was stuck at home, seven months pregnant. She'd had problems with the pregnancy, and I knew they weren't having intercourse until it was all over. I think she was afraid he was going to jump on anyone — I don't think she'd worked out what to do if he was unfaithful. She just kept on at Jeremy to look me up and me to ring him.

Quest: Who got in touch first?

Consultant: I left a message with his secretary and he rang me back. He suggested dinner.

Quest: What did Jeremy think of you?

Consultant: We'd always got on well, and I'd always been aware of something — a slight feeling he might fancy me. Odd looks when I'd been wearing shorts — my legs and bottom are supposed to be my best features! According to Jenny, Jeremy was a 'leg man'. She'd always been worried about her skinny legs. I must admit I was incredibly nervous before our meal.

Quest: Did you plan to seduce him?

Consultant: Not the way Jenny had in mind. I didn't actually have any plan. I wouldn't have been surprised if we'd just had a friendly dinner.

Quest: But you did surprise yourself?

Consultant: Jeremy seemed a bit down. I assumed he was just tired. He was still very nice, different from how he was with Jenny — more masterful in a way. But I'd never seen him away from home before. Unfortunately it made him even more attractive. And when he began to brighten up there were moments when we could have been on a real date together.

Quest: Did he make any advances to you?

Consultant: We flirted a bit, but we did that when I saw him with Jenny. It seemed to make us both relax more, though, and I suddenly found myself blurting out Jenny's idea.

Consultant: What was his reaction?

Consultant: Embarrassment, mainly. For me as well as himself. And extremely apologetic, which I told him was silly, it wasn't his fault. Then it became clear why he'd been down at first. Apparently he and Jenny were having problems. It had started just after they'd decided not to have sex for a while. A temp at work developed some kind of infatuation with Jeremy and turned nasty when he wasn't interested. She started ringing his home, which really upset Jenny, and things had been bad ever since. It was one reason why he'd taken the job up north.

Quest: What did you say to that?

Consultant: I told him he shouldn't let one silly female upset his marriage. He was nearly thirty, he should know by now women were going to find him attractive, married or not.

Quest: How did he respond?

Consultant: He laughed. But I could see he was surprised, and flattered. He said he wished someone had told him that ten years ago — he wouldn't have wasted so many opportunities. That's when I realised Jenny was the only woman he'd ever slept with.

Quest: Had Jenny not told you?

Consultant: No. I'd assumed he'd had flings before Jenny. She'd been involved with at least two other men.

Quest: Did this change your attitude to Jeremy?

Consultant: In one way I thought it was lovely, very romantic. But I felt sorry for him, too. It sounds dreadfully sexist, but a man should get some idea what's on offer before making a final choice. Otherwise he might be terribly open to temptation later — which was obviously how Jenny was thinking.

Quest: So you decided to tempt him now?

Consultant: I only offered him a nightcap at home. It sounds the obvious ploy, but I really thought he needed to talk.

Quest: Did you talk?

Consultant: Until nearly two, over coffee and brandy, sitting on the sofa — not thigh to thigh. Then Jeremy remembered he was working the next day. But when he got up he could hardly

stand, so I refused to let him drive back.

Quest: Where did he sleep?

Consultant: I only had a sofa bed, which I offered to share. As I'd have done with any friend, female or male.

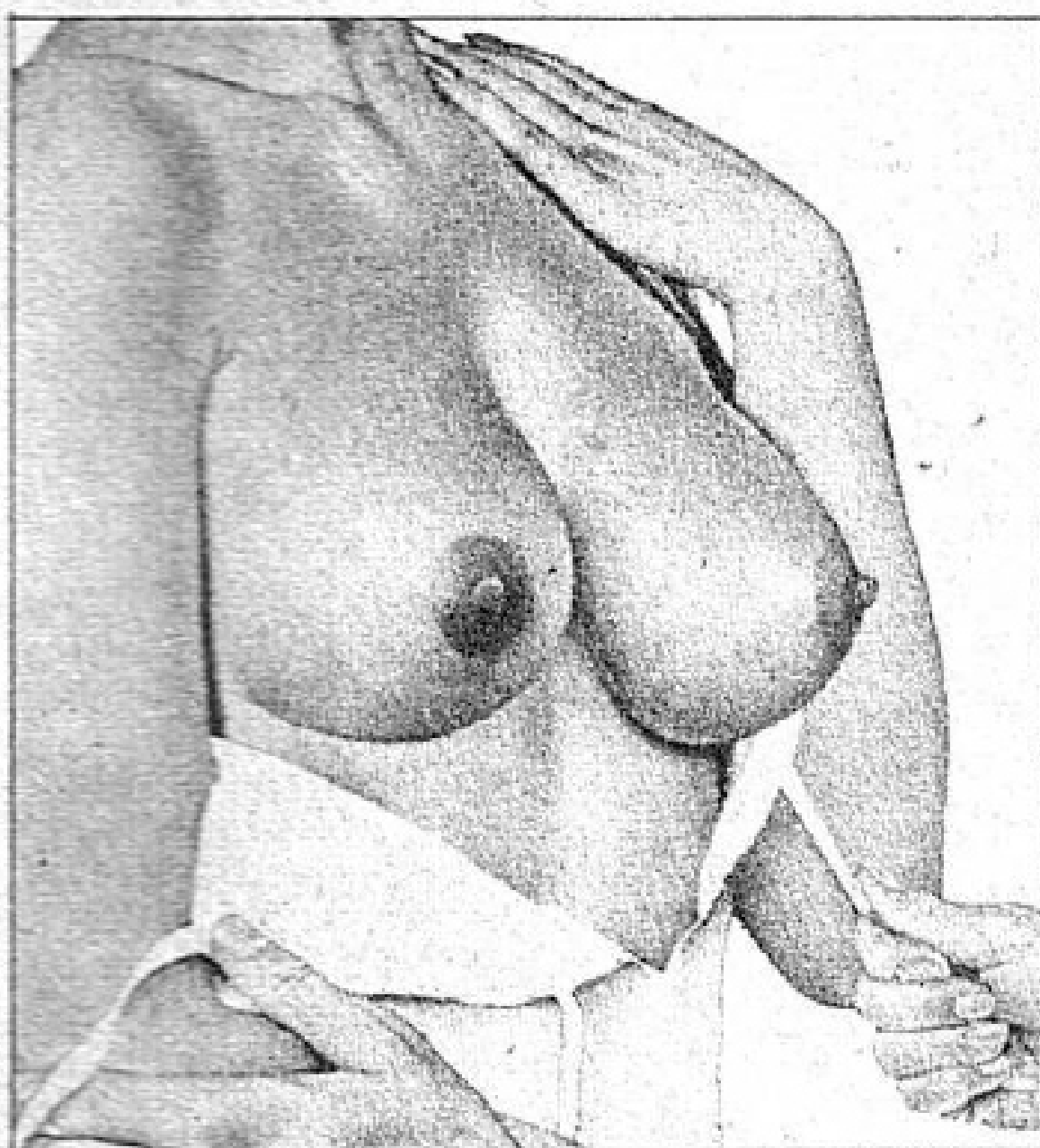
Quest: Jeremy accepted?

Consultant: We took turns undressing in the shower room. I wore one of my longest nightshirts — not exactly my sexiest outfit.

Quest: Weren't you affected by the situation?

Consultant: Of course, but Jeremy started everything.

Quest: How?



‘We both lay on the bed. It was only meant to test him but I soon felt him hard and twitching against me’

Consultant: I was practically asleep — quite an achievement, I thought! — when I felt him nuzzle against me. I just froze. He'd given every sign of going straight off to sleep half an hour ago. Then I realised, asleep or not, he wasn't just changing his position.

Quest: He had an erection?

Consultant: What felt like a massive one, nudging the cheek of my bottom. Then he murmured something and started moving it against me, and I felt his hands sliding over my back. That's when I thought I better do something. I twisted toward him, trying to turn him away gently. But instead he turned towards me, his penis pushing against my thigh and then down into my crotch. He was mumbling, 'Please — I'll be careful — just this once —' Then he rubbed the side of his shaft against my mound.

Quest: Was his penis exposed?

Consultant: I think the top was peeping out of his pants. It didn't feel that well covered, even through my nightshirt.

Quest: Were you very turned on?

Consultant: I'd been turned on ever since I'd got into bed! I went on trying to ease him away, but then his movements must have pushed up the bottom of my nightshirt, because I felt hard, bare flesh not just on my pubic mound, but actually against my clitoris. I don't know whether it was the pressure, or knowing this was Jeremy's naked cock against me, but that was it. My

defences crumbled. I just wanted him and I didn't care any more. I let him roll over between my legs, and I reached behind him and tugged at his underpants. His hands slipped under my nightshirt and began pawing my breasts.

Quest: You weren't wearing pants?

Consultant: I don't think they'd have made that much difference. He was suddenly so incredibly urgent, gasping and panting, his hands and his lips all over me. I only managed to hold him back a moment as I pulled my nightshirt over my head. Then his cock was just butting and butting against my mound, practically beating at the door! I had to reach down and take hold of his shaft to guide him into my opening. I was gasping at him 'Wait — wait — that's it — now — push — push!' Not that he needed much encouragement. He came into me with a thrust that took my breath away. Then he was off. Grunting and jerking and pounding into me as if his life depended on it. It was glorious, but I didn't get a chance to get my breath till the end.

Quest: Did you climax?

Consultant: Normally I'm not too quick, but I could feel myself tingling the moment Jeremy entered. And it was just after that, until I was practically shrieking — half out of fear that he'd never keep up the pace and leave me unfinished. But he didn't stop! And right at the peak, just when I thought I couldn't take any more, he paused and gasped, 'God — I can't hold back — I can't — I'm not wearing anything — I can't —' I hissed in his ear, 'Do it! Do it in me! Fill me! Do it!' Then he pushed deep again, and I felt his cock twitch and jerk, and he was moaning and spurting, over and over, and that did it for me. I swear I came with each spurt, and the last one knocked me for six. Then, came the killer.

Quest: What do you mean?

Consultant: His arms came round me — and he whispered, 'Thank you — thank you, darling — oh Jenny, I love you so much.'

Quest: Did you believe he had thought you were Jenny?

Consultant: I know that in the morning he behaved as if nothing happened, and I let him.

Quest: That's very generous.

Consultant: Not really. If he'd taken advantage of me, I'd done the same with him. And it was obvious he really did care for Jenny. I couldn't fight that, and I'd no right to. Instead I'd had a lovely night I didn't really deserve.

Quest: What did you tell Jenny?

Consultant: That she had a lovely, loyal husband, and she was wrong to 'test' him because others might not be as trustworthy as me.

Quest: Thank you.

INTERVIEW - 2

GEOLOGIST, 37 years old, town of origin Chorley

This, male, interviewee married at 24 and was divorced seven years later. Now living with a girlfriend, he works in the oil industry.

Quest: Several women we've interviewed recently seemed to think teasing is fun, but setting a man a challenge to gauge his feelings for them is not a good idea. Do you have any comment?

Geologist: It might not be a good idea, but it

happens all the time!

Quest: When did you first become aware of this?

Geologist: When I first started going with girls.

Quest: At what age?

Geologist: When I started university. I was too busy swotting before then. Girls were fantasy creatures you pored over in naughty magazines, or had hazy romantic ideas about. My first vacation job knocked all that out of me.

Quest: How?

Geologist: It was at this huge, old-fashioned laundry. The job was hot and noisy. But the place was full of women who were nothing like the studious, middle class types I knew.

Quest: How were they different?

Geologist: More fun, basically! More down to earth, much more sexually mature.

Quest: That appealed to you?

Geologist: Of course. I got mildly obsessed with a girl working there. Her name was Joy. She was about 19, long dark hair, big eyes, very striking looks I thought were incredibly sexy. A good figure too. She really stuck out among the others — and you could tell she was well aware of it. I decided I was going to sweep her off her feet, because I had to be wittier and more fascinating than the thickoes she was used to. Not that the romantic idea lasted long.

Quest: Why not?

Geologist: Basically because I found her sucking off one of the chargehands! One lunchtime I found a short cut, down a passageway at the back of the building, obviously not used much. Halfway down I heard this sharp intake of breath. Then, a few yards on, I saw Joy kneeling against the wall with someone else standing in front of her. It was a guy called Don. He was a couple of years older than me, good-looking, very athletic and a bit flash — the local Jack-the-lad. His jeans were open and the girl's head was level with his crotch. I got a glimpse of something thick and red sticking between those lovely full lips, then her long dark hair began bobbing backwards and forwards. That was when I made some noise. The girl was up and away in a second, leaving Don swearing under his breath, and trying to zip himself up. That was quite a rude awakening.

Quest: Go on.

Geologist: The next day Don came up to me at tea break, and said he hoped I hadn't got the wrong idea about what I'd seen. He was wary, but quite friendly. I didn't realise till later he was worried I might report him. He could have got the sack for it. I was just pleased I seemed to be accepted. But I was really surprised a couple of days later when he asked if I wanted to make up a foursome, especially when he told me that Joy was one of the girls.

Quest: What happened?

Geologist: I met her and Don at a pub and they were with a friend of Joy's called Maureen. I'd seen them about together. Maureen was a short, plumpish strawberry blonde — quite a sweet, pretty face — a good-sized bust too. She was attractive, but I hadn't noticed her especially — not beside Joy. It quickly became clear Maureen was with me, and inviting me had been her idea.

Quest: She fancied you?

Geologist: She was very friendly, laughing at every joke, grabbing my hand as soon as we left, cuddling up to me in the back of Don's old banger. She even liked the skimpy moustache I had. It was great!

Quest: Where did you go?

Geologist: To another pub, then a disco. The

girls were knocking back Guinness and blackcurrent as if booze was going out of fashion. Then, while they were in the loo, Don started talking about Joy in the passage.

Quest: Saying what?

Geologist: Basically that it was Joy's idea. She might look fantastic, but she could be a real cow. According to him she was always goading him to do better and naughtier things, and being really bitchy if he bottled out. She'd once dared him to have sex with her at the top of a local multi-storey car park one night. They'd started doing it against a concrete pillar. When a car drove right past them, Joy hadn't wanted to stop. She'd only run off with Don when three fellows in the car



‘ I felt bare flesh under her skirt, and moved my hand higher. I knew then we were going to do it ’

had started yelling and driving back towards them. Now she wanted to try it in the manager's office at work when he was at lunch.

Quest: How did you react to all this?

Geologist: I sat there, nodding understandingly, as if this sort of problem happened to me all the time. Inside I was quivering jelly! I hadn't even been sure she and Don had gone the whole way together! Then the girls came back, grinning all over their faces, and Joy said it was time for a drive — Maureen wanted to show me Happy Valley.

Quest: What was this?

Geologist: Some woodland just outside town — notorious for courting couples.

Quest: You mean Maureen wanted to have sex with you?

Geologist: I didn't even let myself think about it. She just giggled and protested it wasn't her idea. But we all piled into the car — and were off. We ended up down a track between fields, and Don and Joy immediately disappeared outside with a blanket, leaving Maureen and I in the back.

Quest: And?

Geologist: We started snogging. It was cramped and dark, but Maureen was very enthusiastic. I was in seventh heaven. We started with tongues down the throat — actually a first for me. Then

I risked a hand on a boob. She was wearing a tight, ribbed sweater and one of those soft natural shape boobytap bras — I could feel the nipple very clearly. After about five minutes of gentle fondling, she suddenly asked what was the matter? I let go immediately, and began to stutter an apology. But she said, 'My bra doesn't have any catches or anything — you just pull it up. Look, it's easy —' And she took hold of the sweater and rolled it up. I found myself looking at my first 'live' breasts — full, firm, beautifully rounded boobs, well-separated on her chest like small, pale melons. 'Don't you like them?' she said, looking worried. I nearly threw myself on her, licking and kissing them, rubbing my lips over the little, stiff nipples, sucking them. She laughed, 'Not much doubt about that!'

Quest: Did you expect to have intercourse?

Geologist: I certainly intended to try. We were sprawling across the seat now, and I slipped my hand down her thigh and under her skirt. But she twisted away again, saying she was uncomfortable. She fumbled in the dark a moment. Then she said, 'That's better', and pulled me down again. And I knew we were going to do it.

Quest: Why?

Geologist: There was bare flesh under her skirt. She'd slipped her tights off, and as I eased my hand higher, I realised she'd taken her pants off too. She started groaning as I pushed my finger through her pubic hair and felt how wet she was. I knew if I didn't do it now I was going to burst in my trousers, and it all got a bit urgent, until the moment I found her pussy opening with the tip of my cock. Suddenly she wanted to know if I was wearing anything, which of course I wasn't. She agonised for a minute, then she said, 'I've just had my period, we'll be alright,' and grasped my shaft and pulled me forward. And suddenly, unbelievably, I was slipping into her. I was actually fucking my first girl!

For me it was incredible. Of course I spunked within a couple of strokes, but I was still stiff afterwards, and Maureen obviously knew what she wanted. She reached down and gripped my bum and started jerking herself up and down my cock, grunting and gasping until she gave this low throaty moan and just crumpled up under me, out like a light. I rolled off her, feeling like a million dollars. But it wasn't the end of the night's surprises.

Quest: What happened then?

Geologist: I got out the car to straighten myself up and Don lurched out of shadows, giving me a hell of a fright. He asked if I was finished with Maureen. Then he started on about Joy, how she wanted a good licking and he couldn't get through to her, and how I ought to see if my moustache made a difference. I thought he was joking and laughed, but he got very stropic. 'She bloody means it, you snotty bastard!' he snapped and shoved me the way he'd come.

Quest: Joy wanted oral sex with you?

Geologist: I didn't know what she wanted. But then I heard her whispering my name, in front of me, and I realised I was standing on Don's blanket. I saw Joy then, or her outline, kneeling down. She reached up and caught my hand. She said, 'Did Don talk to you?' I said he had, and she pulled me down. As I put out my hand to balance myself, I felt her blouse, and then bare tummy below it. She didn't seem to be wearing anything below her waist. Then she was pushing my head down and her legs were rising either side of me.

My chin bumped against her stomach, and she sighed and pushed my head further down her body. Suddenly, stiff, curly hair was brushing against my face and my nostrils were full of this rich, musky, female odour. 'Go on,' she said. 'Do it — don't you know how?'

Geologist: I pressed my lips against this wet, fleshy softness, and felt her shudder. But I was way out of depth. I hadn't even got over my first screw yet. Then I heard someone behind me. Joy hissed. 'Lick me — go on — lick me!' — much louder than she needed to for my benefit. Then Don swore and knocked me out the way, snapping at Joy, 'Tart! Bloody bitch!' She was giving as much back, and suddenly he was on top of her and the anger had turned into something more amorous. I stumbled back to the car, a sadder and a more puzzled man.

Quest: Joy had set you up?

Geologist: I'm not complaining. It was my best ever sex lesson! Though the next week with Maureen ran a close second.

Quest: Thank you.

INTERVIEW - 3

SHOP ASSISTANT, 22 years old, blonde, town of origin Woolwich

This interviewee has worked in retailing since leaving school. She lives with her divorced mother.

Quest: Do you ever find yourself putting boyfriends' affection to the test?

Assistant: No. If a fellow can't show how much he cares off his own bat then he obviously doesn't care enough.

Quest: But what if you want him to care — or at least show he does? Would you test his loyalty to provoke that reaction?

Assistant: Like doing something to make him jealous? You want me to talk about Jimmy and my pictures, don't you?

Quest: Tell me about the pictures.

Assistant: Well I didn't have any clothes on! But they weren't disgusting or anything, we did it very tastefully.

Quest: Who's 'we'?

Assistant: Ray, his wife Kathy, and Vic.

Quest: All three took pictures of you?

Assistant: Ray had the camera. Kathy helped. So did Vic most of the time.

Quest: What else did Vic do?

Assistant: He modelled with me.

Quest: In the nude?

Assistant: In the end, yes. It's not what it sounds like! We were only posing. I'm quite proud I had the nerve to do it.

Quest: Why did you?

Assistant: I wanted to show Jimmy.

Quest: Jimmy was your boyfriend?

Assistant: For nearly two years. We used to go to school together, but I started going out with him properly when I was 19. He was really good-looking by then. Lots of girls round our way fancied him. Especially Julie.

Quest: Who was she?

Assistant: Supposedly my best mate. She's married now. She nearly went bananas when I first introduced her to Jimmy. Not that she didn't have enough fellows already.

Quest: She was an attractive girl?

Assistant: She's got a nice face and her figure's

not bad, but she's got no boobs. She acts sexy, though — especially with new blokes — as if she can't wait to get them into bed. Fellows like that.

Quest: What did Jimmy think of her?

Assistant: He fancied her. He told me so. He could be a real sod like that.

Quest: But didn't you make up a foursome for a holiday with Julie and a boyfriend?

Assistant: She was still good fun, and we were going to be on a barge, mucking in together — not like a hotel where you could sneak off on your own. I thought it would be alright. Some hopes!

Quest: Why?

Assistant: Eddie, Julie's boyfriend, turned out to be a big mouth. He kept on about his cousin who took glamour pictures and how he wanted Julie to model for him.

Quest: Were you jealous?

Assistant: Not because of *that*. It was the way the boys kept saying how great she'd be — Jimmy as bad as Eddie. Julie lapped it up. I began to feel like a bloody gooseberry! But the nitty-dipping was the limit.

Quest: What happened then?

Assistant: We all got really pissed one night, and went nitty dipping in the canal. We finished up chasing each other all over the barge, in the dark, till we collapsed in giggles.

Quest: Still naked?

Assistant: I put a towel round myself when Eddie put the light on, but the boys didn't bother. Julie just drapped her towel over her waist. She was lying back opposite Jimmy, with her eyes closed, but she knew what she was showing. Then the towel slipped off. Eddie went, 'Oops! Careful you don't get Jimmy excited.'

Quest: What did Julie do?

Assistant: She opened her eyes, saw him gaping at her pubes and just giggled. Then — I couldn't believe it — she opened her legs and let him look. I mean, showing your pussy to a fellow — that's over the top in my book.

Quest: How did Jimmy react?

Assistant: His eyes were popping. Eddie thought it was hysterical — he started pointing at Jimmy's crutch. 'Ooh look!' he said. 'You've given Jimmy the bonk?'

Quest: He had an erection?

Assistant: He definitely wasn't limp any more. Julie started cackling. Eddie said, 'Perhaps you ought to put him out of his misery. Like Julie to give you a little fondle, Jimmy?' Jimmy went red and looked at me. Then the others did too, and laughed. That was enough for me. I found my clothes, and stormed off for an hour. Jimmy didn't even bother to follow. He said they'd gone to sleep after I'd left but I'm sure Julie had both of them.

Quest: You didn't break up?

Assistant: I still fancied him. But he deserved a dose of his own medicine. So I asked Eddie if his cousin was still looking for models. A few days later Ray rang, and I went and saw him and Kathy. They seemed really nice, especially Kathy. She was very attractive — about 30 — Ray was older. He wasn't a professional but he'd had lots of pictures published. So we arranged for Vic to pick me up on Sunday.

Quest: Who exactly was he?

Assistant: A mate of Eddie's and Ray's. I'd seen him around. He lived near me.

Quest: Did you find him attractive?

Assistant: He was fanciable. His body was almost as good as Jimmy's — I'd seen him at the swimming baths once! But I didn't realise he



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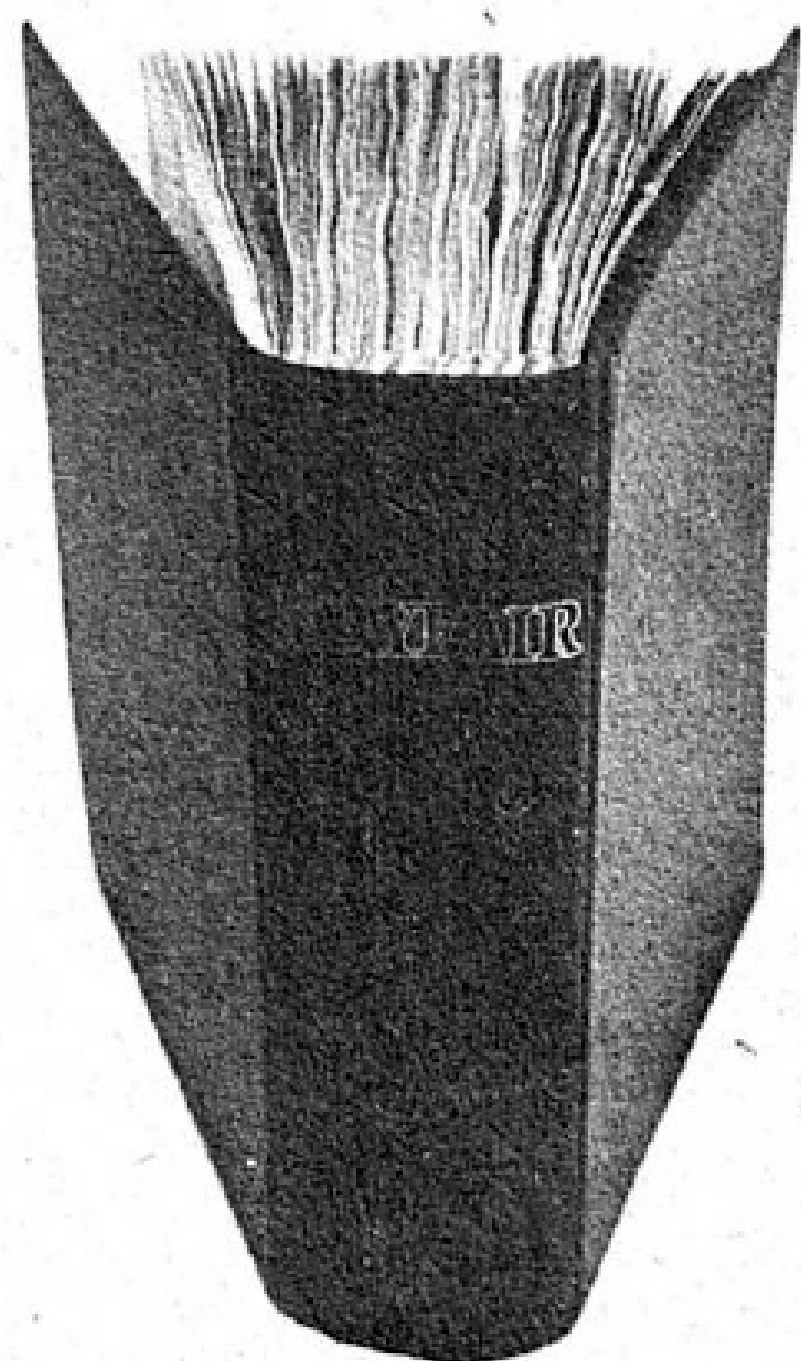
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was going to be at the session too until we got to Ray's.

Quest: Did that give you misgivings?

Assistant: I didn't see why he should get a free show. But Kathy was there too, and I thought she wouldn't allow any funny business. Shows how wrong you can be!

Quest: Why?

Assistant: For a start they poured booze down me. By the time we were ready my head was swimming. They kept saying, 'Oh it'll help you relax.'

Quest: Where did you pose?

Assistant: One end of the living room. Kathy gave me this bikini which was about two sizes too small and Ray started snapping away. Then I had to put on this stupid baby doll nightie. I just felt silly. Kathy and Vic were popping in and out all the time, ignoring me. I had to take my nightie top off before someone took any notice! Kathy made some remark about Samantha Fox having to watch out, which was a slight exaggeration! Then Vic and Ray agreed with her, and I really bucked up. I'm sure it was a put-up job — just to put me at my ease. But it worked. Ray was clever about getting me to do a full strip, too. He had me bending over, facing away from him and slipping my knickers down over my bum, an inch at a time, till I must have been showing everything anyway. Then he said, 'Might as well leave the pants on the chair.' And I'd done it.

Quest: You weren't self-conscious?

Assistant: It felt fantastic actually — like the star of the show!

Quest: Was it a turn-on?

Assistant: I know my nipples were standing up and the heating was full on!

Quest: How did Vic get involved?

Assistant: We'd been going all afternoon, and started to get a bit silly, when Kathy said, 'Well, what about one for the girls? Vic's turn now.' He wouldn't at first, but Kathy and I bullied him.

Quest: To do what exactly?

Assistant: Pose with his arm round me.

Quest: Were you still nude?

Assistant: I had on some really gorgeous stockings and a suspender belt Kathy lent me. Vic was so stiff — I mean self-conscious! We made him take off his shirt, then his shoes and trousers. We were really wicked! Then Kathy said, 'Well, it'll look silly with only one of you in pants.' So we yanked his shorts down. Then Ray got me to give him a cuddle and I could see he fancied me.

Quest: What do you mean?

Assistant: He started to get stiff. It was pushing into my suspender belt! That was so rude. Apart from anything else, his penis looked so thick. He was red in the face and sweating. Kathy and I were laughing fit to bust. But Ray didn't seem to notice. He had us kneeling on the carpet, facing each other, with my nipples pressing into Vic's chest. All I was aware of was this hot, throbbing thing jammed up against my tummy. I said, 'I didn't think you could show men like this.' Kathy said, 'Why not? I think he's lovely. Don't you?' Then Ray asked Vic to lie down with me on the carpet. And suddenly the whole mood changed.

Quest: How do you mean?

Assistant: It wasn't funny any more. I felt they didn't want us to stop.

Quest: Ray and Kathy wanted you actually to have sex with Vic?

Assistant: I think they'd have loved it.

Quest: Were you tempted?

Assistant: Of course, I was tempted! But I'm not going to do it with an audience and a guy I hardly know — however well hung! I said I had to go. Ray and Kathy acted all innocent, asking what all the fuss was. But it was only Vic who hurried after me upstairs, apologising like mad. He said Ray and Kathy had some weird ideas, and he'd been out of order — but he hadn't meant to upset me, he really did like me a lot.

Quest: Did you believe him?



‘I agreed to pose for Vic to show Eddie. So, I inched my panties down my bottom whilst he snapped away,’

Assistant: I did, funnily enough. He might be a sex maniac, but he was obviously a nice bloke — though the fact that he still had a stand on him like a horse didn't exactly help! I asked him, 'Are you going to go home like that?' I think he'd forgotten he still had it.

Quest: So did you decide to have sex with him?

Assistant: I pulled him into the bedroom where I'd been changing and I said, 'I suppose I've got to take responsibility for that.' Before he could answer, I knelt down and slipped my fingers round him. That gave him a shock! He twitched and went, 'Christ!' I told him, 'You do it in my face and I will be upset with you.' Then I bent my head and I began to lick him — short, gentle stokes at first, in case he did explode all over me. Then as he started breathing deeper, longer and longer strokes until my tongue was curling over the edge of his fat, round tip, and I could feel him throbbing against my lip. Finally he gave a gasp and started to pull back, but I shook my head quickly, wet my lips and popped his knob right into my mouth. I began to bob my head up and down his shaft, faster and faster, feeling him get stiffer and harder, until all of a sudden he cried, 'Jesus!' And his cock was pumping in my mouth. That was how Vic and I got together.

Quest: What about Jimmy?

Assistant: I didn't get a chance to show off my modelling debut. Eddie got hold of some pictures and showed him first. Jimmy went spare. But I was going out with Vic by then so I didn't care. I don't have any doubts what he feels about me.

Quest: Thank you.

Andie
from
page 3
or to give
her full title
Andrea
Louise



PHOTOGRAPHED BY
DONALD MILNE





We all know of one Andy who's in the news a lot at the moment. But we've found another real-life one in whom we think you'll be even more interested. Eighteen-year-old Andrea Louise (known to her friends as Andie) a popular *Page Three* girl and *Starbird* who hopes to be as well-known as her Royal namesake.





Andie, who models under that name as well as Andrea Louise, was brought up in Middleton in Manchester. Before taking up modelling, she studied fashion design at a college in Rochdale, but left after three months. She also spent sometime working as a check-out girl for Kwik Save, but any cool customer could spot that she was cut out for better things. Soon after, her 36-24-35 frame was adorning the popular press, and she was in demand for all sorts of modelling.



Recently Andie won a competition to find models for the Club 18-30 brochure, and now she wants to advance her career still further by taking up acting. Her ambition is to be in one of the big soap operas like *Dynasty* or *Dallas*, failing that she'd settle for meeting David Bowie. And she will, if he ever walks into *Froggies* or *Scandals* nightclub in Manchester where she spends the evenings. Does Andie have the male equivalent of a Fergie? She's not saying. She likes to keep *her* relationships very quiet.





Gentlemen, that reminds me..

A round-up of after-dinner jokes

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RONALD COBB

A young cricket fan name of Rees
Watched the game with his girlfriend
Bernice,

But the John Player League
Never held the intrigue
Of his bat and two balls at her crease.

In a poll, *Mayfair* readers were asked if they had to get up in the night and why. Some 90 per cent did. Asked why, 8.4 per cent said that they had to go to the toilet, 4.6 per cent had to get something to drink, and 87 per cent had to go home.

A British film company have announced that they plan to shoot an X-rated remake of *Snow White*. In it, the Queen chants, 'Mirror, Mirror, on the ceiling...'

Henry was having lunch in a Chelsea restaurant when he noticed an attractive young nun sitting in the corner. Emboldened by a few drinks, he went over to her.

'I say, you're nice,' he said. 'I'd like to give you one.'

'How dare you use language like that in front of a woman of God,' she exclaimed angrily, and stormed out of the restaurant.

At that point the head waiter minced over. 'Does sir have a problem?' he asked Henry in a simpering voice.

'I only asked the nun out,' Henry replied. 'But she's obviously celibate.'

'Oooh no, sir, you're wrong there,' said the head waiter. 'I've heard that every Saturday night she stands in the graveyard, and calls for the Lord to make love to her.'

'Really?' said Henry. 'I think I'll go along.' That Saturday, Henry went to the graveyard, and hid behind one of the gravestones. A few yards away he could just make out a hooded figure. Then he heard a voice.

'Oh Lord, come to me,' it said.

Henry stripped off, and walked towards the figure.

'I am the Lord, and I'm here,' he said.

'Thank you, Lord,' replied the hooded figure. 'Please take me from behind.'

Henry set to work, but as he was pumping away, his conscience pricked him.

'I have a confession,' he said. 'I'm not the Lord.'

'That's alright,' replied the hooded figure.

'I'm the head waiter.'

Geoffrey returned from his holiday, and as soon as he could, rushed to an airport phone. He had left his beloved Burmese cat with his brother Bill, and was desperate to know how it was.

'Bill, Bill, thank God you're in,' Geoffrey said breathlessly. 'Tell me, how's my beautiful cat?'

'He's dead,' said Bill bluntly. Geoffrey was distraught.

'What? Dead? He can't be,' he stammered and then broke down in tears. Eventually he managed to stop sobbing long enough to admonish his brother.

'Look Bill, you know how much I loved that cat. You could have at least broken the news to me gently.'

'How do you mean?' asked his brother.

'You could have said that he escaped one day, climbed up on the roof, and couldn't get down. Then finally the cat passed away from exposure or hunger or something like that. Anything would have been better than just, "He's dead."'

'Look, I'm sorry,' replied Bill. 'I won't do it again.'

'Alright,' said Geoffrey, 'let's try and forget about it now, shall we? Tell me, how's Mum?'

There was a long pause.

'Well...' said Bill, 'Mum escaped and climbed onto the roof...'



A policeman stopped a man for speeding.

'Is this your car, sir?' he asked the driver.

'Sometimes,' replied the motorist.

'How do you mean, sometimes?' enquired the baffled officer.

'Well,' said the man. 'When it's clean it belongs to my wife. When there's a dance, it belongs to my daughter. And when there's a football match, it belongs to my son. It's only when it needs petrol that it belongs to me.'

Great Quotes of Our Time:

Sir Thomas Beecham was the wittiest but most irascible of conductors. One of his particular dislikes was female musicians, and any unfortunate ladies who found themselves in Beecham's orchestra were likely to have abuse hurled at them.

On one occasion, a famous lady cellist was to play a concerto, conducted by Beecham. Throughout rehearsals, the testy conductor had kept his patience, until she played one passage with less verve than he wanted. He fixed her with a stare.

'Madam,' he said. 'There between your legs you have God's greatest gift — and all you can do is scratch it.'

For five consecutive nights a young man witnessed a remarkable phenomenon in his local pub. Attractive girls would wander in, and almost immediately walk over to a funny-looking man in the corner. Although he was totally unprepossessing in appearance, he seemed to have a magnetic charm over beautiful women.

'I can't understand it,' grumbled the young man to the barman. 'I just don't see how that guy does it.'

'Neither do I,' replied the barman. 'I've been watching him for weeks now, and it's always the same. A stunning girl wanders in, and is immediately drawn to him. He's not handsome. He's a terrible dresser, and he hardly ever says a word to anyone. He just sits in that corner licking his eyebrows.'

Share your after-dinner anecdotes. Send them to 'Jokes', Mayfair magazine, 95a Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ. There are free subscriptions for readers whose jokes are selected, and £10 will be paid for each limerick. We no longer acknowledge receipt of jokes. Individual subscription winners are notified by letter as to when their subscription starts. In the event of duplication among those jokes submitted, the Editor's decision on the awarding of a subscription is final.



T

he First Test Match at Lords against India was a remarkable event for reasons totally disconnected with cricket. It saw the return of ladies stripping at sporting events. On the Friday, Ashley Sommers took off her bra to reveal a rather tiny pair of breasts, and on Saturday, a girl calling herself Silvannia put on an even more revealing show. Standing on the roof of Lords View, a block of flats overlooking the famous cricket ground, she stripped down to panties, stockings and suspenders, and gave a cheery wave to the gentlemen in the Long Room. Then whilst the bemused members of the MCC were still attentive, she produced a banner proclaiming, 'Fiona Vladivar loves Richie Benaud' — a shock to all, including Mr Benaud.



CAUGHT BY MAYFAIR, THE GIRL WHO AMAZED THE LONG ROOM AT LORDS



We thought you'd like to see more of her — even though, like Ashley, she may not be the most stunning of models. Twenty-one-year-old, 35-24-35 Silvanina, whose real name is Gabriella Brown, was born in Bristol, and now lives in Earls Court. For fun she likes weight training, dressmaking and Italian food (her favourite spot being the *Concordia* restaurant in Craven Road). She said that the stunt, arranged by Vladivar vodka to promote their 1987 calendar, appealed to her outrageous sense of humour, but admitted to no particular fondness for Richie Benaud. And the worst part of her experience? 'Climbing the ladder to get there,' she said. 'That terrified me . . .'

